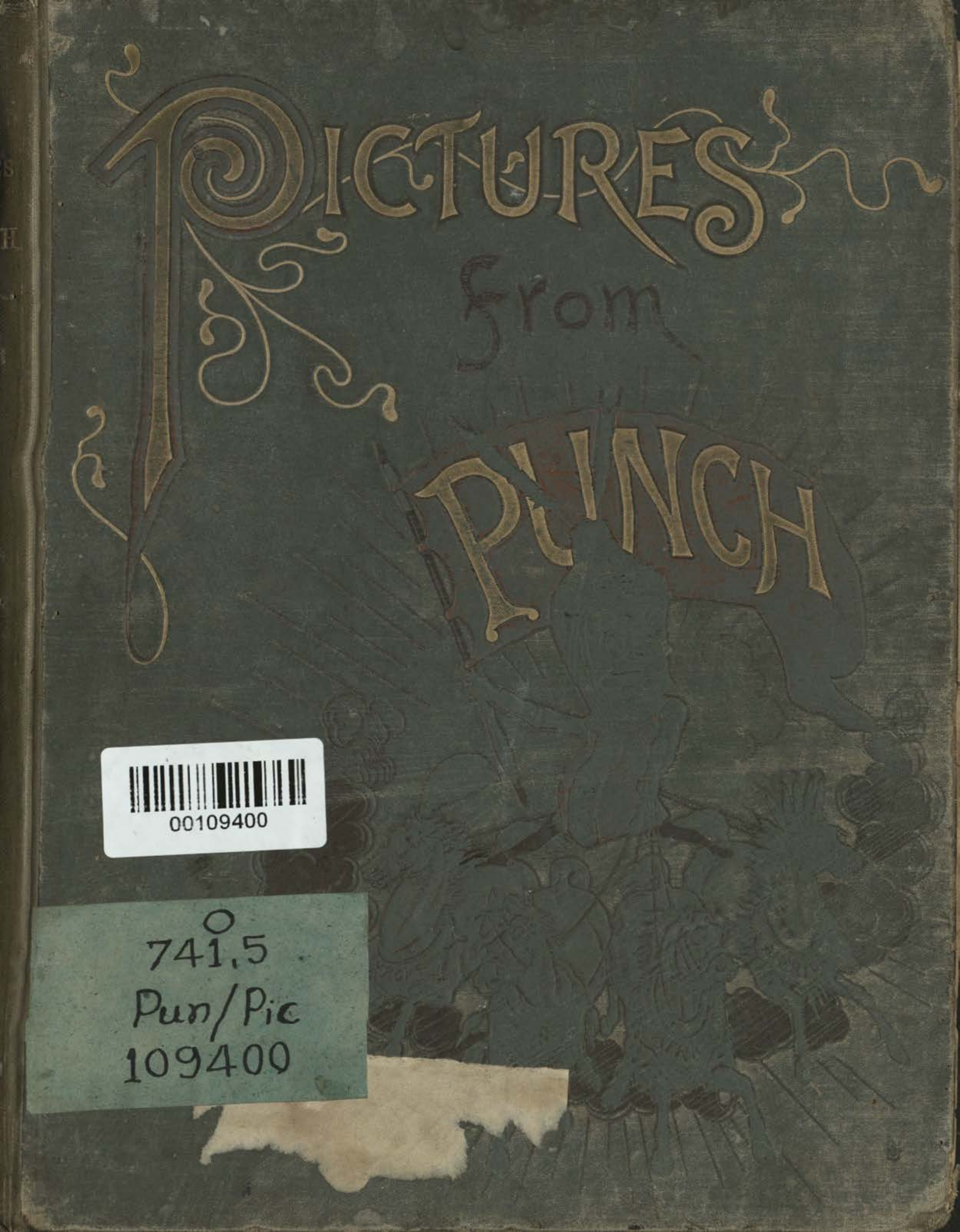
Pictures from Punch



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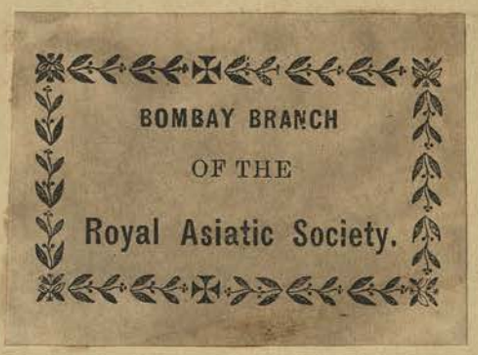

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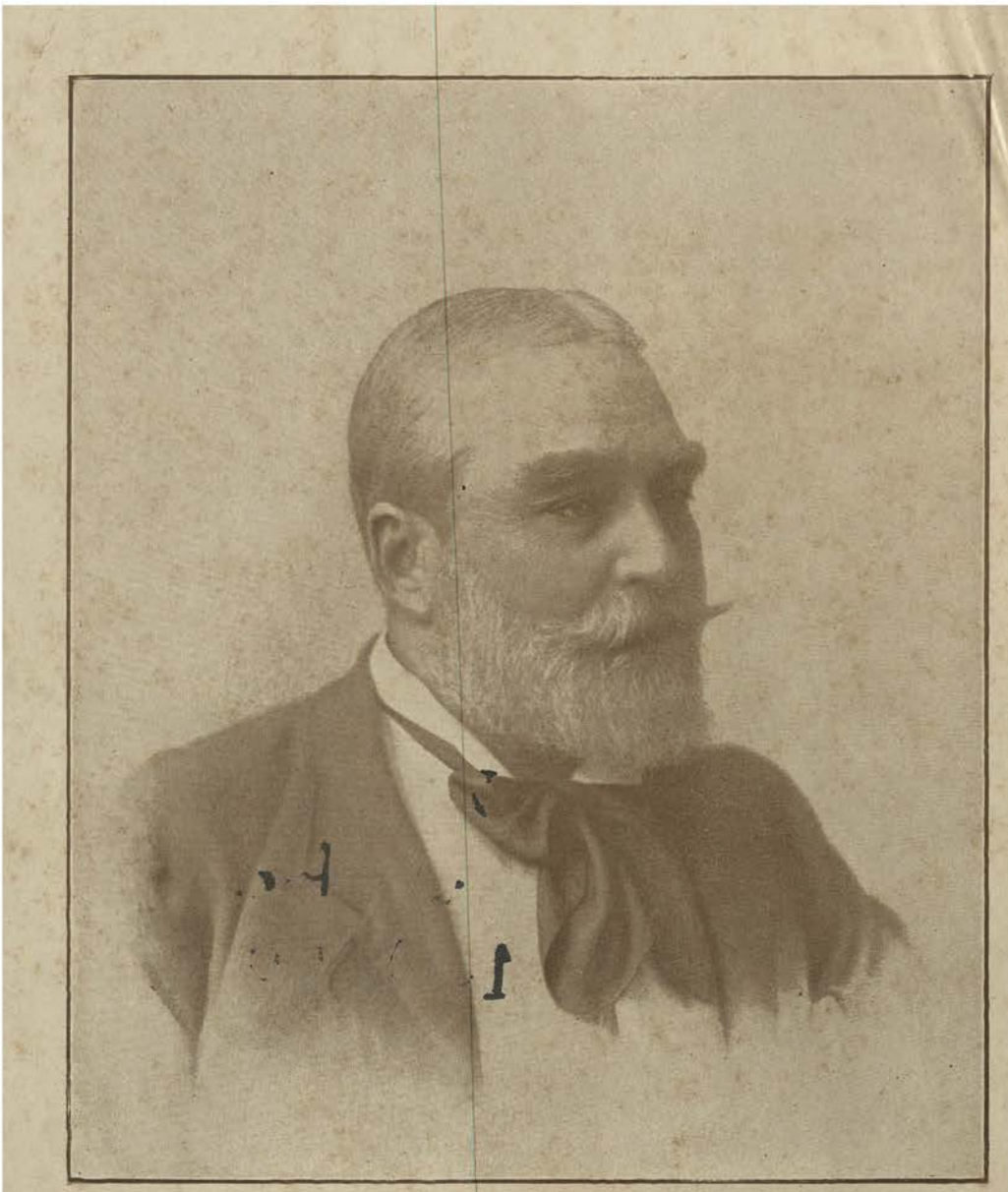

F. C. Barnum

PICTURES FROM PUNCH

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Volume I.

LONDON:

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. Ld., 8, 9, 10, BOUVERIE ST., E.C.

1894.

Pictures from Punch

00109400

"JUST A FEW WORDS."

AN "Introduction" required? Surely not! at least, not "an introduction" for MR. PUNCH offering a collection of his pictures to the Public at large, but just a brief address by MR. PUNCH'S present Prime Minister to all friends, young and old, everywhere, "*urbi et orbi*."

Shade of Mark Lemon!—King Mark the First! Shade of Shirley, the sparkling Brooks! Shade of Tom Taylor—the thorough! Behold a rare collection of Art treasures, such as would have rejoiced your hearts, my Redactorial Predecessors, herein gathered together for the first time, labelled, ticketed, but not chronologically arranged. Who would assemble such a party, which is not for an age but for all time, and place them stiffly in chronological order, as if they depended on their dates for their humour! Enough, that all can ascertain by reference to the Index from what shelf of MR. PUNCH'S Gallery each picture was taken. Style and signature, for the most part, speak for themselves; though in some instances self-effacing modesty may cause considerable puzzlement to any spectator who may be unable for the moment to recognize the artist's peculiarities, or who may be incapable of deciphering the almost illegible initials or the hieroglyphics of some mysterious signature. Not for one second can there be any hesitation in the mind of the student of MR. PUNCH'S volumes as to the work of his two inimitable "Johnnies"—John Leech and Sir John Tenniel. Signed or unsigned, about these there is, as sings the songster of the Savoy, "No possible probable sort of a doubt, No possible doubt whatever!"

Then, without reference to the Index—and to be placed on the Punchian "Index" is an honour—who is there with anything like a knowledge of MR. PUNCH'S Old and Young Masters, that will not be able at once, and with certainty, to say, "*This* is a Du Maurier," "That is a Keene," "There is a Sambourne," "Here is a Partridge," "A Reed, undoubtedly!"—and so on with the work of Messrs. Cleaver, Corbould, and other well-known names.

Interesting, too, to compare the early with the later works of MR. PUNCH'S "Young Men," or, as they will ever be in Art, Masters, "Past and Present."

In this collection is quite a history of Ladies' Fashions of all sorts. A history of Men's Fashions, too, showing every kind of cut and pattern in coats, vests, and "trouserings." When in doubt as to the period of a certain kind of boot, or hat, or umbrella, as shown in any picture, consult the Index and ascertain the volume wherein that picture first appeared. MR. PUNCH'S indisputable authority on such points will decide many a bet.

What good names are to be found in this rare assemblage! You will come upon a "Randolph Caldecott," and among some coy Academicians a notable "Sir John Gilbert," and a "Stacy Marks." Among the Artists in this collection responsible, after Leech, for Sport, viz., Messrs. Corbould, Jalland, Ralston, and Maud, occurs the name of Miss Georgina Bowers, the only lady-artist, as I think, whose work has ever appeared in MR. PUNCH'S pages.

There are some signatures which are a trifle puzzling, namely, of "H. R. H.," who was not Royalty, but H. R. Howard, "Leech's only pupil," likewise of T. R. Pritchett, F. Eltze, and Wallis McKay.

But take them altogether, or pick and choose where you will, there is for everybody food for mirth throughout! To commence with, the vignette at the opening of this brief address is a figure looking "as pleased as Punch," drawn by one of his most original and eccentric artists, "Dicky" Doyle. Sound the pipes, beat the drum, up goes the curtain on this present series of the "PICTURES FROM PUNCH."

F. C. B.

PICTURES FROM "PUNCH"

MR. PUNCH AT HOME.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Mrs. Smith (FORTISSIMO, *to Mrs. Brown, in one of those sudden and unexpected pauses with which Herr Signor Hammerantonga is fond of surprising his Audience*). "AND SO I GAVE HER A MONTH'S WARNING ON THE SPOT!"

"MOST UNFORTUNATE!"

Bailie McScrew (to Smith, who is on a short visit to the North). "AN' WHAT ARE YE DAEN' TO-MORROW NICHT, MESTER SMETH?"

Smith. "TO-MORROW? OH, NOTHING PARTICULAR. I'VE NO ENGAGEMENT."

Bailie. "AN' THE NEXT NICHT?"

Smith. "AH! ON FRIDAY I'VE PROMISED TO DINE WITH THE BROWNS——"

Bailie. "MAN, THAT'S A PETTY! AW WAS GAUN T' AUSK YE TO TAK' YER DENNER WI' US O' FRIDAY!!"

"IN FLAGRANTE."

Keeper (coming on him unawares). "DO YOU CALL THIS FISHING WITH A FLY, SIR?"

Brigson. "EH?—I AH—WELL, I—LOOK HERE—HAVE A—*(Diving for his flask)*—TAKE A NIP?—DO I!" *[Tableau!*

"PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY."

English Angler (on this side of the Tweed). "HI, DONALD! COME OVER AND HELP ME TO LAND HIM—A 20-POUNDER I'LL SWEAR——"

Highlander (on the other). "IT WULL TAK' YE A LANG TIME TO LAN' THAT FUSH TOO, D'YE KEN, SIR, WHATEVER!—YE HAE HEUKET THE KINGDOM O' AULD SCOTLAND!"

AN IRREVERENT SAXON.

"MY CARD, MON? I HANNA GOT ONE! BUT I'D HAE YOU TO KEN THAT I'M A *MACKINTOSH!*"

"YOU MAY BE A *HUMBERELLER*, FOR ALL I KNOWS, BUT MY FARE'S HEIGHTENPENCE!"

ZINGS VON VOOT RAHZER HAF LEFT OONZET.

He. "ACH! HOW BRETTY ARE ZOSE CREEN LEAFS ON YOUR COWN!"

She. "SO GLAD YOU ADMIRE THEM. IT'S AN IDEA OF MY OWN."

He. "KVITE SCHARRMING! ZEY REMIND VON OF IFY CLINGING ROUNT AN OLT RUIN!"

SHOOTING PUZZLE.

GIVEN A MAN WHO HAS NEVER USED A GUN BEFORE—WHAT WILL BE HIS BAG? N.B.—SEVERAL OF THE PARTY ARE ALREADY BEHIND THE HEDGE.

THE RIVAL SPORTS.

Huntsman (exercising Hounds, to non-Fox-Preserving Keeper). "UM! YOU CALL PHEASANT-SHOOTING SPORT, DO YOU? WHY, WHAT IS IT? UP GETS A GUINEA,—OFF GOES A PENNY-FARTHING,—AND, IF YOU'RE LUCKY, DOWN COMES TWO-AND-SIX! BAH!"

GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Equestrian. "NOW, BOY, DON'T YOU BE TAKING OFF YOUR HAT TO MAKE ME A BOW—YOU'LL FRIGHTEN MY HORSE."

Boy. "A—A—A WARN'T A-GOING TO!"

"UNCO CANNY."

Noble Sportsman. "MISSED, EH?"

Cautious Keeper. "WEEL, A' WADNA GANG QUITE SAE FAUR AS TO SAY THAT; BUT A' DOOT YE HAV'NA *EXACTLY* HIT."

AN ALARMING MESSAGE.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MOTHER'S TOOK THE LOTION, AND RUBBED HER LEG WITH THE MIXTURE!"

A LUSUS MACHINER-Æ.

Chatty Passenger. "PORTER! THAT'S ONE OF THOSE CURIOUS TAILLESS MANX CATS, IS IT NOT?"
Crusty Porter (shortly). "NO, 'TAINT. MORN'G 'XPRESS!"
Passenger (puzzled). "E—H—I DON'T UNDERSTAND——"
Porter. "DON'T YER? WELL, YOU COME AND PUT YOUR TOE ON THESE 'ERE DOWN METALS ABOUT 9.14 A.M. TO-MORROW, AND——"
Passenger (enlightened). "AH!—I SEE—JUS' SO——" [*Retires under cover of Newspaper.*

THE HONEYMOON.

FULL MOON.

FIRST QUARTER.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Young Shaver. "BET YER TUPPENCE, I'M HOME FIRST!"

THIRD QUARTER.

NO MOON.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

"MAMMA, SHALL YOU LET ME GO TO THE WILKINSONS' BALL, IF THEY GIVE ONE, THIS WINTER?"
"NO, DARLING!"

(A pause.)

"*YOU*'VE BEEN TO A GREAT MANY BALLS, HAVEN'T YOU, MAMMA?"
"YES, DARLING,—AND I'VE SEEN THE *FOLLY* OF THEM ALL"

(Another pause.)

"MIGHTN'T I JUST SEE THE FOLLY OF *ONE*, MAMMA?"

[A very long pause.

"WINKLES!"

Philanthropic Coster (*who has been crying "Perry-wink—wink—wink!" till he's hoarse—and no buyers*). "I WONDER WHAT THE P'OR UNFORT'NATE CREETERS IN THESE 'ERE LOW NEIGHB'R'OODS DO LIVE ON!!"

"BETWEEN TWO SHOEBLACKS WE FALL," &c.

First Shoeblack. "I COTCHED 'OLD ON HIM FUST!"

Second Ditto. "YOU'RE A——" [*Old Gentleman is flung heavily.*

HINT TO DEER-STALKERS.

AFTER THE BATTUE—AN AUTUMN IDYL.

"THE SHERIFF, WITH A MOST MONSTROUS WATCH, IS AT THE DOOR."
Henry IV., Part I., Act ii., Scene 4.

"POOR TOM'S A-COLD."
King Lear, Act iii., Scene 4.

"AN EYE LIKE *MARS* (MA'S) TO THREATEN AND COMMAND."
Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 4.

RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

The Herr Professor. "ACH—BEST MISS ROSY, VILL YOU KINDLY TURN ME OVER!"

PRETTY INNOCENT!

Little Jessie. "MAMMA! WHY DO ALL THE TUNNELS SMELL SO STRONG OF BRANDY?"

[The Lady in the middle never WAS fond of Children, and thinks she never met a Child she disliked more than this one.

THE ROYAL BLANKSHIRE HUSSARS (YEOMANRY). "INSPECTION PARADE."

Sergeant-Major. "WHEN I D' SAYE DRAA-A—, MIND THEE *BE-ANT* TO DRAA-A—; BUT WHEN I D' SAYE SQUARDS,—WHIP 'EM OUT SMEART AND 'DRESS UP' T'GUTTER."

THE ENEMY.

Horrid Boy (to newly-appointed Volunteer Major, who finds the military seat very awkward). "SIT FURTHER BACK, GENERAL! YOU'LL MAKE HIS 'EAD ACHE!"

THE RIDING LESSON.

Riding Master (to Sub, who is qualifying himself for the Punjaub Cavalry). "IF YER 'EAD WAS ONLY TURNED THE OTHER WAY, WHAT A SPLENDID CHEST YOU'D 'AVE, MR. BOWDRIB!"

DISAGREEABLE TRUTH.

Soldier. "NOW, THEN! YOU MUST MOVE AWAY FROM HERE."

Rude Boy. "AH, BUT *YOU* MUSN'T, OLD FELLER!"

A STREET FIGHT.

Wife of his Buzzum (to Vanquished Hero). "TERENCE, YE GREAT UMMADAWN, WHAT DO YER GIT INTO THIS THRUBBLE FOR?"

Vanquished Hero (to Wife of his Buzzum). "D'YE CALL IT THRUBBLE, NOW? WHY, IT'S ENGYEMENT!"

A POLITE REQUEST!

Drover. "HI!—MARM!—STOP HER, TURN HER!"

WHO WOULD BELIEVE IT?

"WHY DON'T YER STAND BY 'IS 'EAD? CAN'T YER SEE THAT THE MISSUS IS NARVOUS?"

THE KNIGHT AND THE FLEA—AN UNRECORDED TRIAL OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

MR. BRIGGS' ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MR. BRIGGS, FEELING THAT HIS HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS, A-CHASING THE DEER, STARTS FOR THE NORTH.

MR. BRIGGS, PREVIOUS TO GOING THROUGH HIS COURSE OF DEER-STALKING, ASSISTS THE FORESTER IN GETTING A HART OR TWO FOR THE HOUSE. DONALD IS REQUESTING OUR FRIEND TO HOLD THE ANIMAL DOWN BY THE HORNS.

[*N.B. The said animal is as strong as a bull, and uses his legs like a race-horse.*

MR. BRIGGS AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE A QUIET CHAT ABOUT DEER-STALKING GENERALLY; HE LISTENS WITH MUCH INTEREST TO SOME PLEASING ANECDOTES ABOUT THE LITTLE INCIDENTS FREQUENTLY MET WITH — SUCH AS BALLS GOING THROUGH CAPS — TOES BEING SHOT OFF!— OCCASIONALLY BEING GORED BY THE ANTLERS OF INFURIATE STAGS, &c., &c., &c.

TO-DAY HE GOES OUT FOR A STALK, AND DONALD SHOWS MR. BRIGGS THE WAY.

WITH EXTRAORDINARY PERSEVERANCE THEY COME WITHIN SHOT OF "THE FINEST HART." MR. B. IS OUT OF BREATH, AFRAID OF SLIPPING, AND WANTS TO BLOW HIS NOSE (QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION). OTHERWISE HE IS TOLERABLY COMFORTABLE.

AFTER AIMING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, MR. B. FIRES BOTH HIS BARRELS—AND—MISSES!!!! TABLEAU—THE FORESTER'S ANGUISH.

THE ROYAL HART MR. BRIGGS' DID *NOT* HIT.

(To be continued.)

RELIEF.

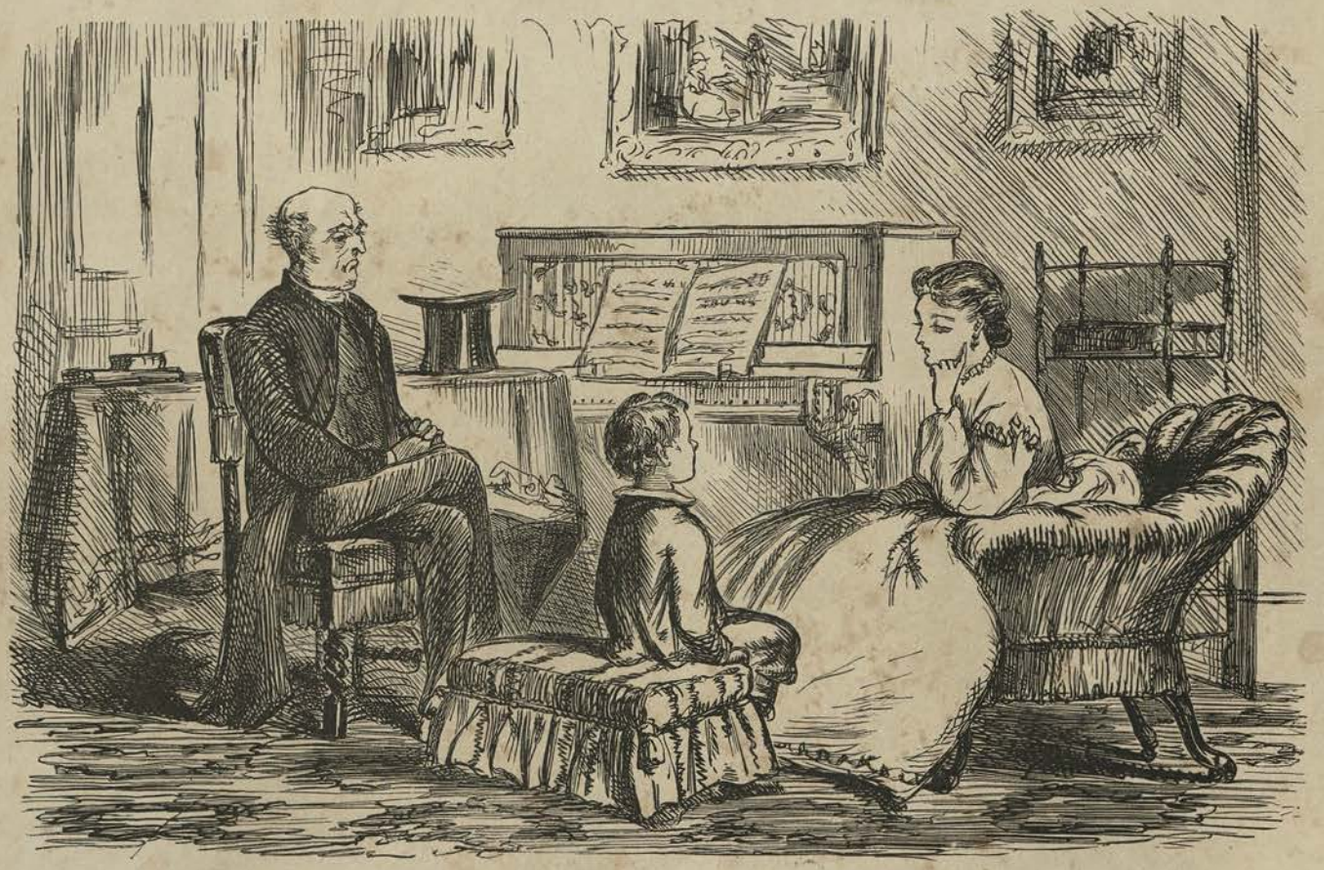
Piscator (about the end of a very bad day). "DONALD, HANG THE BOAT HERE A BIT, WE MAY GET A RISE."

Donald. "HANG!"—*(Giving way)*—"I SHALL TAMMM THE BOAT IF YOU WILL, AND THE TROUTS—AND THE LOCH TOOO!" *[Feels better!*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!

Mother (at South Kensington). "EXECUTED IN—— TUT-T-T-T! LAUK A MUSSY, 'LIZA! WHAT DID THEM FOREIGNERS WANT TO 'ANG THAT POOR INNOCENT-LOOKIN' YOUNG CREETUR' FOR!!?"

"LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOA!"



A SENSIBLE CHILD.

Mother. "WILL YOU STAY AND LISTEN TO DR. GROWLER'S IMPROVING CONVERSATION, OR GO TO BED?

Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, MAMMA, I WOULD MUCH RATHER GO TO BED!"

CHOICE SPECIMENS OF EARLY ENGLISH.

"MAMMA DEAR, GIVE ME A APPLE!"
"DON'T SAY 'A APPLE': SAY 'AN APPLE.'"
"O! WELLY WELL! THEN GIVE ME TWO NAPPLES, MAMMA DEAR."

"O MASTER GEORGE! NOW, DIDN'T I TELL YOU BE CAREFUL, AND NOT DROP MISS WILHELMINA?"
"WELL, AND SO I DIDN'T! SHE FALLDED OFF ON HER OWN ACCORD!"

"IT'S MY DONKEY! ISN'T IT, GEORGE?"
"NO, IT'S MY! HISN'T IT, DORGE?"
"DON'T BE SELFISH! IT'S BOTH OF YOUR DONKEY! IN FACT, IT'S ALL OF OUR DONKEY!!"

AGRICULTOORAL-LOORALS.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)

THE CAT'LL SHOW.

LIVE STOCK.

JERSEYS.

A TUBER.

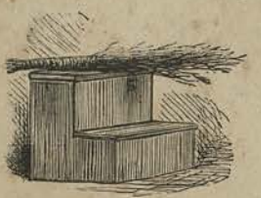
PA'S-NIPS.

CAB-AGE.

SILO (SIGH LOW).

JUDGING STOCK.

HURRY FOR'DS (HEREFORDS).



THREHING MACHINE.

BEST TURN OUT OF HORSE AND CART.

STREET DIALOGUE.

First Boy. "I'LL PUNCH YER ED, IF YER SAY MUCH."
Second Boy. "WHO'LL PUNCH MY ED?"—*First Boy.* "I WILL."
Second Boy. "*YOU* WILL?"—*First Boy.* "YES, *I* WILL."
Second Boy. "WELL!—DO IT."—*First Boy.* "AH!"
Second Boy. "YES!—*First Boy.* "OH!" *[Boys evaporate.*

PROPRIETY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED: SARAH-JANE. MATILDA.

Scene—Camblin Town.

Sarah-Jane. "OH! YOU 'ORRID DREADFUL STORY! I DIDN'T."

Matilda. "YOU DID NOW, FOR I SEE HIM. I SEE HIM KISS YER. AND HERE HAVE I BIN ENGAGED TO TOMMY PRICE FOR YEARS, AND NEVER SO MUCH AS WALKED ARM-IN-ARM WITH HIM!"

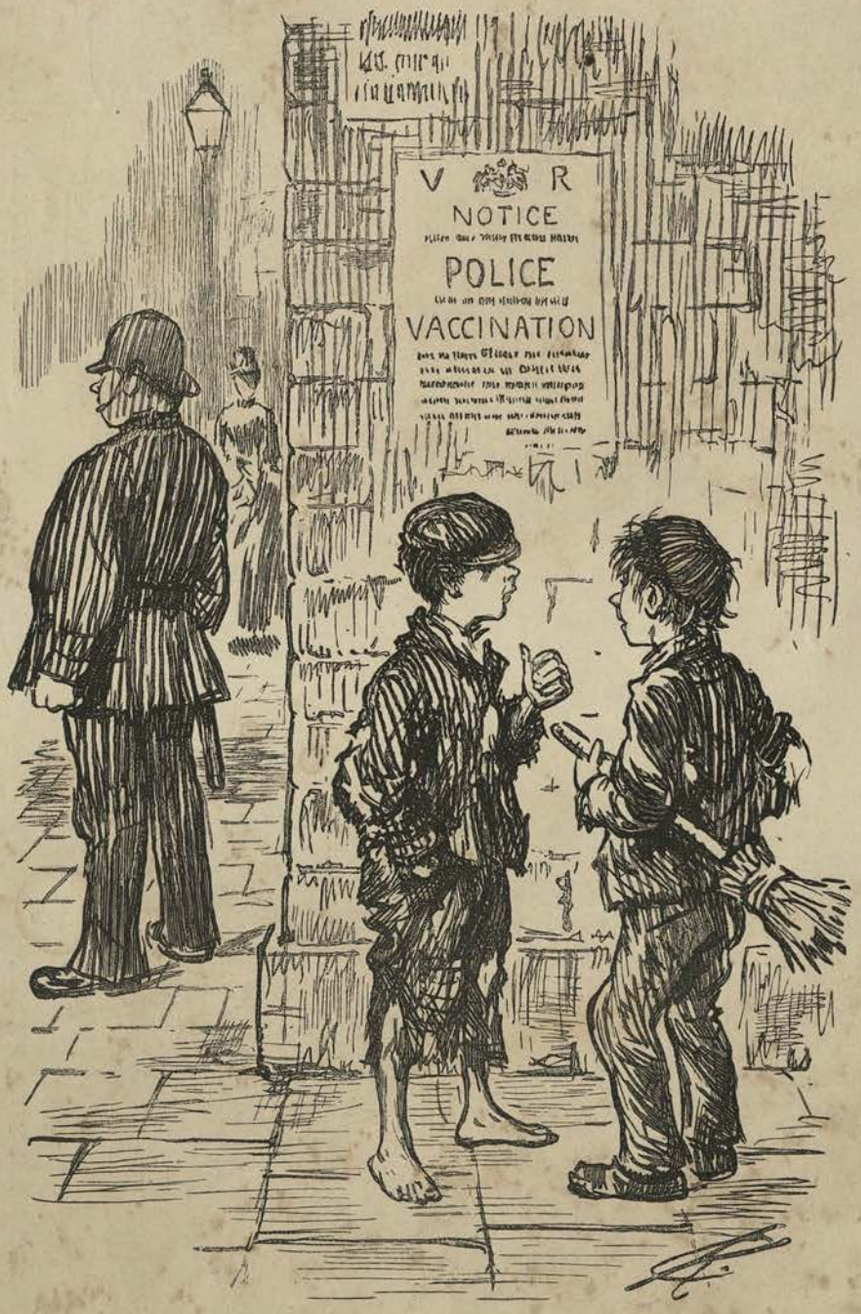
FILLING AT THE PRICE.

THIS IS THE OLD LADY THAT GOES EVERY DAY TO OUR PASTRYCOOK'S, BUYS A HALFPENNY BUN, AND KEEPS THE "TIMES" FOR THREE HOURS.

THE HIGHBURY 'BUS.

Gentleman. "OH! CONDUCTOR, I AM AFRAID I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE: CAN YOU CHANGE ME INTO A 'POST OFFICE' AT HIGHBURY?"

Conductor. "LOR BLESS YOU, YES, SIR, VE'LL CHANGE YOU INTO A 'POST OFFICE,' OR VE'LL CHANGE YOU INTO A 'HANGEL' IF YOU VISHES IT."



UNFAIR SATIRE.

Street Arab. "UM, WHAT'S THE USE O' WACC'NATIN' THEM? THEY NEVER CATCHES NUFFIN!"

NOT TO BE PLAYED WITH.

Groom. "THAT'S ANOTHER FAVOURITE OSS OF MASTER'S, SIR, AND A GOOD UN HE IS TOO, SIR, ONLY HE AIN'T VERY QUIET."

Mr. Green. "OH, HOW DO YOU MEAN—'NOT VERY QUIET?'"

Groom. "WHY, SIR, HE'D GET YOU UP IN A CORNER, AND KICK YER BRAINS OUT IN NO TIME. HE'S A'MOST KILLED TWO MEN ALREADY."

"COMMINATORY."

Scotch Field Preacher. "AH SEE YE AHINT THE STANES THEERE, LADDIES! SMOCKEN,—E-H! BUT YE MAY SMOCK,—AN' YE MAY SMOCK"—(*crescendo*)—"AN' YE MAY SMOCK—BUT YE'LL SMOCK GEY AN' SAIRER WHAUR YE'RE GAUN TAE!!"

A FINAL APPEAL.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, I THROW MYSELF UPON YOUR IMPARTIAL JUDGMENT AS HUSBANDS AND FATHERS, AND I CONFIDENTLY ASK, DOES THE PRISONER LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO WOULD KNOCK DOWN AND TRAMPLE UPON THE WIFE OF HIS BOSOM? GENTLEMEN, I HAVE DONE!"

STATE O' TRADE.

Small Girl. "PLEASE, MRS. GREENSTOUGH, MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU GIVE HER A LETTUCE?"

Mrs. G. "GIVE?! TELL THEE MOTHER GIV'UM'S DEAD, AND LENDUM'S VERY BAD. NOTHINK FOR NOTHINK 'ERE, AND PRECIOUS LITTLE FOR SIXPENCE!!"

NEVER JUDGE PEOPLE BY EXTERNALS.

Boy (with Game). "IS THIS SQUIRE BROWN'S?"
Boy. "ARE YOU SQUIRE BROWN'S BUTLER?"
Boy. "WHOSE BUTLER ARE YOU?"

Squire Brown. "IT IS!"
Squire Brown. "I AM NOT!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jones. "I WILL!"

"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."

WHEN THE ROAD-CAR STOPS SUDDENLY JUST AS HE IS CAUTIOUSLY DESCENDING THE STAIRCASE!

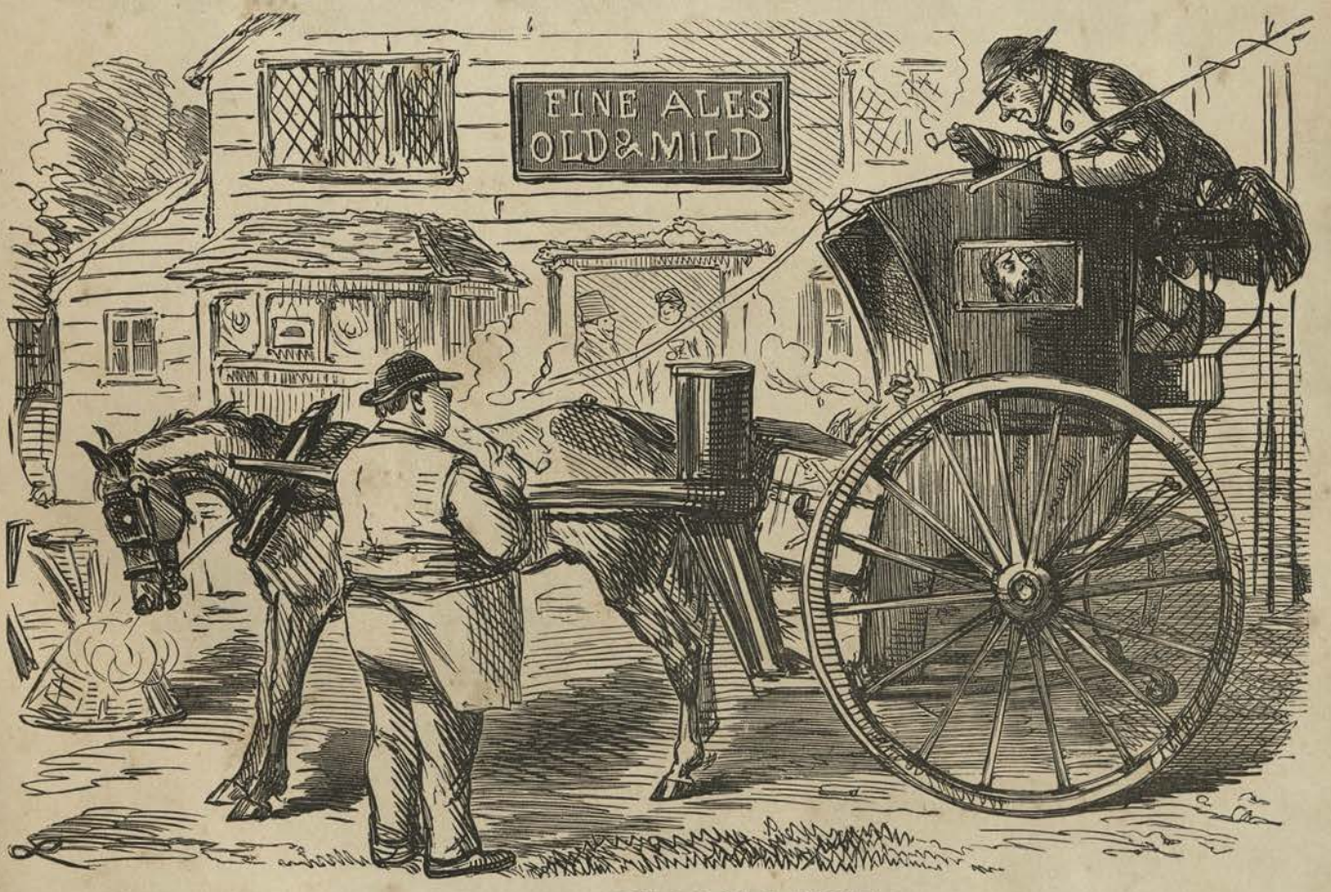
THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

SPORT —OR, HOW WE KILL PHEASANTS NOW.

THE NEW GROOM.

Gentleman. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU UNDERSTAND THE CARE OF HORSES?"

Boy. "WELL' SIR, I HAD OUGHT TO—FOR I'VE BEEN AMONGST 'EM ALL MY LIFE."



A TOLERABLY BROAD HINT.

Cabby (after driving a couple of miles, suddenly stops opposite a roadside Public House). "CH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY AS WE WAS TO PULL UP ANYWHERES, DID YOU, SIR?"

"WHERE CAN THAT CONFOUNDED FELLOW HAVE GOT TO WITH THE LUNCH-BASKET?"

HERE HE IS, REMARKING, CONFIDENTIALLY, THAT "THAT GINGER-PEER IS APOUT THE PEST HE EVER TASTED."

ON THE MOORS.

A DILEMMA.

Station-Master. "NOW THEN! LOOK ALIVE WITH THEY DOUGS! WHERE ARE YOU——"

Over-driven Porter. "HOOTS! THEY'VE A' EATEN THEIR TUCK'TS, AN' DINNA KEN FA THE'RE GAEN TAE!"

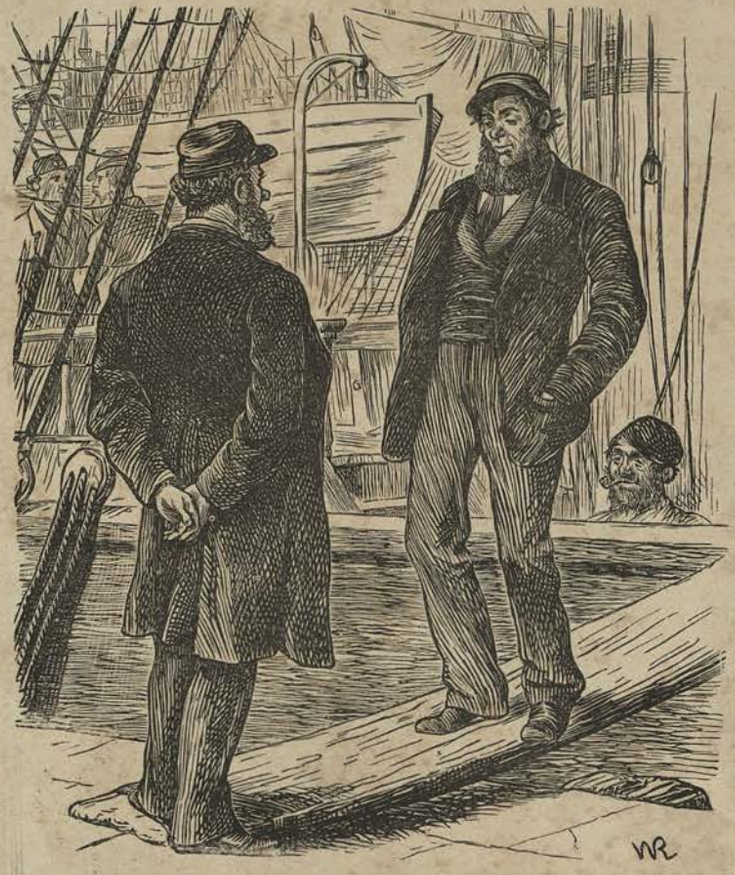
Old Lady (emerging wrathfully from Cabmen's Shelter). "I SAY, CONDUCTOR! IF YOU DON'T SEND THIS 'ERE TRAM ON DIRECTLY,

I'LL REPORT YOU! ARF A HOUR I'VE BEEN SETTIN' A-WAITIN' A'READY. AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"

A MISTAKE.

"WHEN THE CAT 'S AWAY——"

MR. BLAZER, Q.C., RETURNS UNEXPECTEDLY TO HIS CHAMBERS IN THE MIDDLE OF VACATION.



A STAGGERER!

Custom-House Officer. "NOW, THEN, GOT ANYTHING CONTRABAND ABOUT YE?"

Mate. "'GOT 'BOUT BOT'L AND HALF BRANDY; BUT I'LL DEFY YE TO TAKE IT FRO' ME!"

CLASSICAL.

'Bus-Driver (to Musical Amateur, who came out of St. James's Hall with a folio copy of Beethoven's Scores). "ANYTHING NEW AT THE CHRISTY'S, SIR? I"

"CATCH 'EM ALIVE, OH!"

Costermonger. "I CALL YOURS A *SIGHNOCURE*, JIM. YOU CLAPS THAT 'ERE PAPER ROUND YER 'AT, AND THERE YOU ARE—A PENNY EACH!"

Fly-Catcher. "AH, BUT LOOK AT THE LABOUR OF CATCHIN' EM, AND STICKIN' OF 'EM ON AT THE OUTSET, BILL!"

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"IS THIS A LIBERY?"

"YES."

"THEN LET ME HAVE THE LAST NUMBER OF HEMILY FITZ HOSBORN."

SHOCKING!

Dr. Jolliboy (who had been called away from a social Meeting at his Club). "THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN, F'FTEEN-TWO, F'FTEEN-FOUR, F'FTEEN-SIX—PAIR EIGHT—NOB'SH NINE——" *(Drops off.)*

["We draw a Veil," &c., &c.

A MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

"WHY!—HAS YOUR DACHS GOT A SORE THROAT, LIZZIE?"—"NO; BUT HE *THINKS* HE HAS!"

SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

Miss Matilda to Miss Priscilla. "WELL, I'M SURE!—THE CREATURE NEEDN'T SIT THERE IN THAT DISGUSTING MANNER!"

RAILWAY PUZZLE.

TO FIND THE NAME OF THE STATION.

PRECAUTION. OBSTRUCTION. ABSTRACTION. DESTRUCTION.

THE THOUGHTFUL PEW-OPENER AND JONES'S SUNDAY HAT.

"NOT SO FAST!"

Old Gent (soliloquising, in the Wilds of Glenmuchie). "AH, WELL, THIS IS VERY JOLLY! WEALTH'S A GREAT BLESSING—NOT THAT I'M A RICH MAN—BUT AFTER THE TURMOIL AND WORRY OF BUSINESS, TO BE ABLE TO RETIRE TO THESE CHARMING SOLITUDES, THE SILENCE ONLY BROKEN BY THE GRATEFUL SOUNDS OF THE RIPPLING STREAM ('BURN,' I MEAN. AH! I NEARLY HAD HIM THEN!), AND THE HUM OF THE BEE! TO BE ABLE TO LEAVE LONDON AND ITS TIRESOME MILLIONS, AND FORGET ALL THE LOW——"

Voice from the Bridge (the ubiquitous "'Arry"). 'COULD YER 'BLIGE US WITH A WORM, GOV'NOUR?"!!

"That's all very well but I took a Cab—"

"As we went along I thought I missed a—"

"very Strange!— I could have sworn I—"

"I tried all my pockets"

"could it have dropped into my Umbrella?"

"or into the Straw at the bottom of the Cab!"

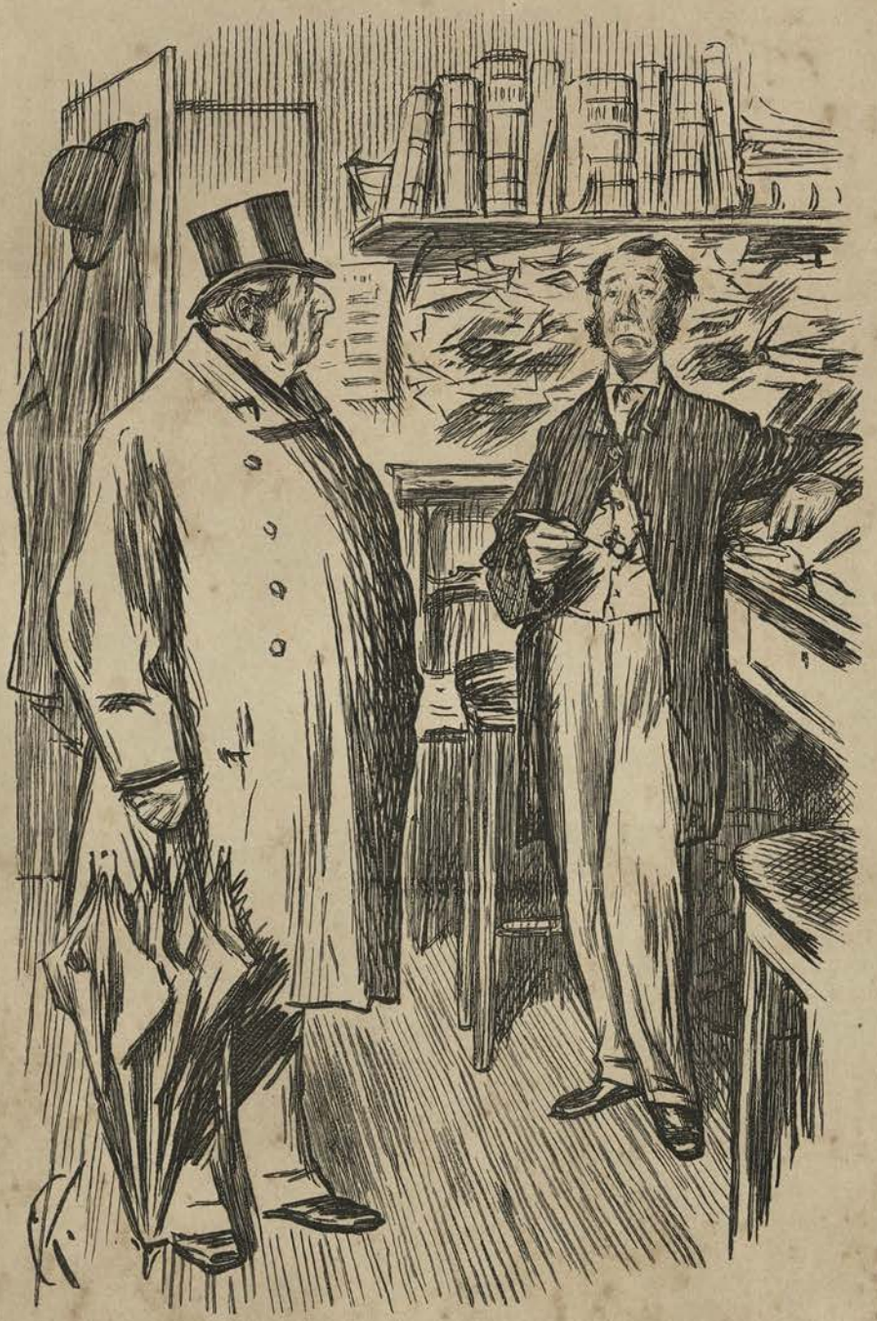
"So before I paid him, I said I thought I'd dropped a Sovereign in the Cab, and would get a light—"

"and there it was on the Chimney-piece in my Study after all!"

But when I went to pay my fare, to my amazement there was no Cab!—it had vanished and yet there are Sceptics who will not believe in the Supernatural!

"THE TRUTH ABOUT GHOSTS!"

"WE ALL WALK IN MYSTERIES."—*Goethe.*

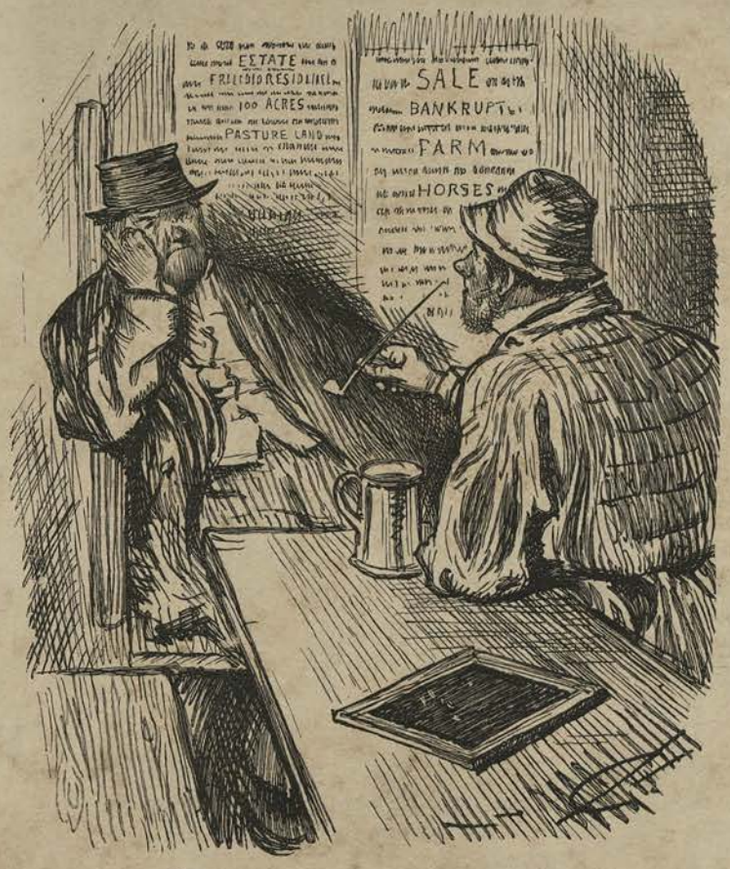


A PESSIMIST.

Exemplary Clerk. "CAN I HAVE A WEEK'S HOLIDAY, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR? A—A DOMESTIC AFFLICTION, SIR——"

Employer. "OH, CERTAINLY, YES, MR. —— DEAR ME, I'M VERY SORRY! 'NEAR RELATIVE?"

Clerk. "AH—YE'—N'—THAT IS—YOU MISUNDERST—WHAT I MEAN, SIR—I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED!"



"THE LABOUR MARKET."

First East Countryman. "SHALL YEAOU VOOTE FOR THE DIS'TABLISHMENT O' TH' CHU'CH?"

Second Ditto (firmly). "NO; THAR I 'ON'T, BO'! WORK'S SCASS ENOW AS 'T IS—BUT IF WE WAS TO HEV ALL THEM PARSONS TU'NNED OUT, AN' GOIN' 'BOUT PLOUGHIN', AN' HEDGIN', AN' MOWIN', AN' HARVESTIN', WE SHOULD BE WUSS OFF THAN WE ARE NOW!"

A NON-SEQUITUR.

Affable Old Gentleman (who has half a minute to spare). "I SUPPOSE NOW, MY BOY, YOU TAKE A GOOD SUM OF MONEY DURING THE DAY?"

Shoe-black. "YESSUR, 'CAUSE LOTS O' GINTLEMAN, WHEN THEY WANTS TO KETCH A TRAIN, GIVES ME SIXPENCE!"

[*Old Gent finds the Sixpence, but in thinking over it afterwards, couldn't see the connection.*

FRIENDLY.

Hunting Man (thrown out, on very fresh Mount). "WHERE TH' HOUNDS, BOY?" *Rustics.* "YEAU KEEP UP ALONG O' WE—US'LL SHOW 'EE!"

AN EXTENSIVE ORDER.

Cabby. "BEG YER PARDON, MISS, BUT MIGHT I 'AVE A PAIR O' LIGHT KID GLOVES, FOR A WEDDIN' AS I'VE BIN ARST TO?"
Shopwoman. "CERTAINLY. WHAT IS YOUR SIZE?" *Cabby.* "*SIZE*, MISS?" *Shopwoman.* "WELL, WHAT'S YOUR *NUMBER*?"
Cabby. "OH, *NUMBER*, MISS! *TWO-FOUR-EIGHT-NINE-SIX!*"

A COURT DRESS.

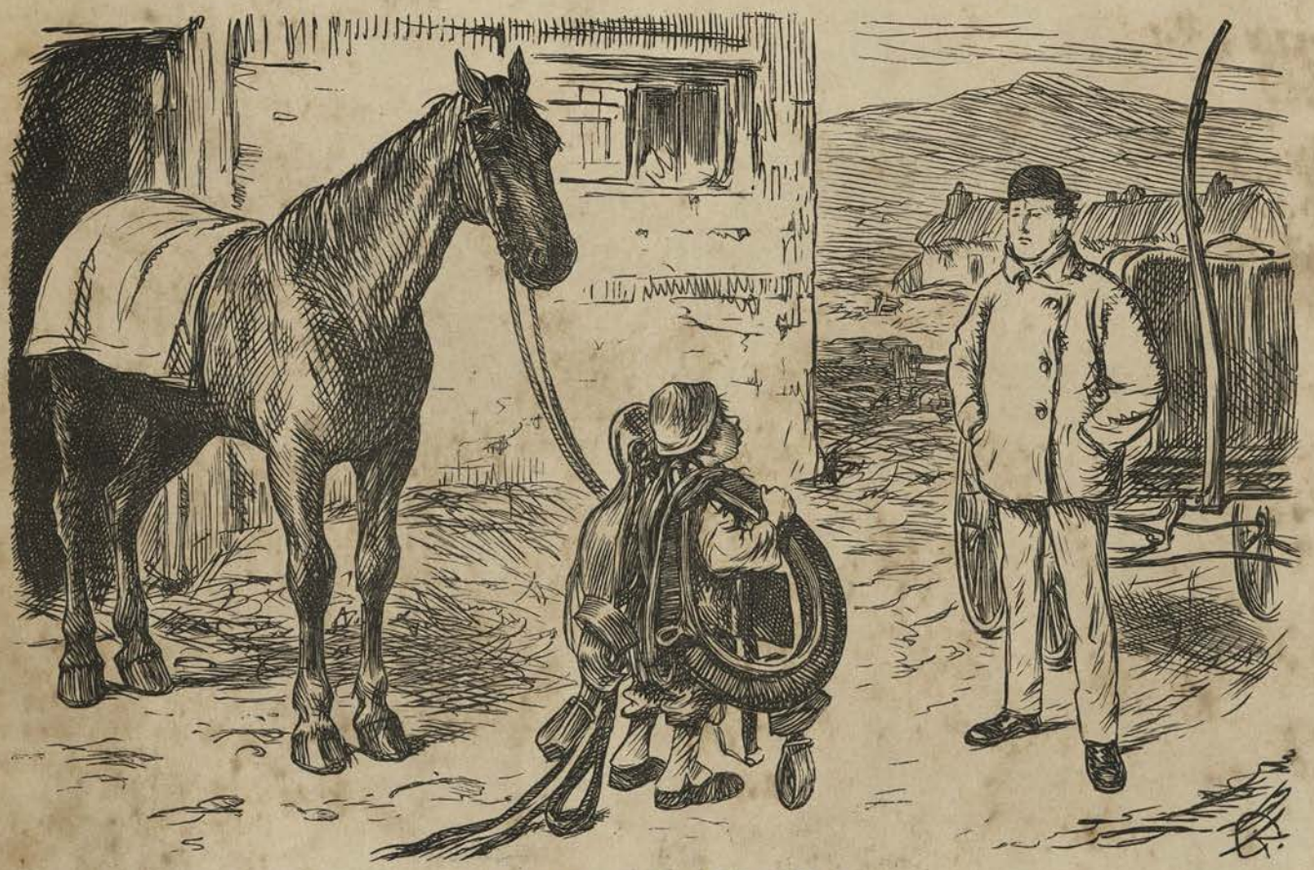
"OH! JUST AIN'T PEOPLE PROUD WHAT HAVE GOT PAIRASOLES!"

CONDESCENSION.

Ostler (confidentially). "THAT'S THE AYLESBURY CHICKEN."
Old Gent (much refreshed). "OH!"
Ostler (taken aback). "I—I SAID THAT WAS THE AYLESBURY CHICKEN."
Old Gent. "YES! YES! YOU TOLD ME THAT BEFORE."
Os ler. "WELL, THEN—THEN, WHY DON'T YER SHAKE HANDS WITH 'IM—*E LL LET YER!!!*"

HUNTING STUDIES BY RAIL.

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF COMFORT IN COATS.



IN THE EMERALD ISLE.

Impatient Traveller. "NOW, THEN, IS THIS TRAP READY? WHERE'S THE OSTLER?"

Small Boy. "SHURE, OI'LL P-HUT 'M OP FOR YE, SOR. THE OTHER *MAN'S* GONE IV A ARRAND!!"

"RIDICULOUS!"

Ethel (who really thinks she must clean some of her old Gloves this Winter, times are so bad). "DO YOU SELL KID-REVIVERS?"

Chemist. "YE—YES, M'M. I THINK YOU'LL FIND 'MRS. GUMMIDGE'S INFANT CORDIAL' A MOST EXCEL——"

[Confusion.

"EXCLUSIVE."

Our Philanthropist (who often takes the Shilling Gallery—to his Neighbour). "ONLY A MIDDLING HOUSE."

Unwashed Artisan. "AY—THAT SIXPENCE EXTRY, 'RATHER HEAVY FOR THE LIKES O' HUZ, Y'KNOW. BUT THERE'S ONE THING—IT KEEPS OUT THE RIFF-RAFF!!"

SOMETHING FROM THE PROVINCES.

Excursionist (politely). "CAN YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME THE NEAREST WAY TO SLAGLEY?"

Powerful Navvy. "AH CAN POONCH TH' HEAD O' THEE!"

[*Excursionist retires hastily.*

GENTLE PATERNAL SATIRE.

Irate Parent. "O! YER DON'T WANT TO GO INTO BUSINESS, DON'T YER! O! YER WANT TO BE A CLERK IN THE POST-HORFICE, DO YER! POST-HORFICE, INDEED! WHY, ALL *YOU'RE* FIT FOR IS TO STAND OUTSIDE WITH YOUR TONGUE HOUT, FOR PEOPLE TO WET THEIR STAMPS AGAINST!"

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE JEUNE PREMIER.

"*WHAT*, ELEANOR? YOU KNOW *SIR LIONEL WILDRAKE*, THE HANDSOMEST, THE WITTIEST, MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN TOWN! HE OF WHOM IT IS SAID THAT NO WOMAN HAS EVER BEEN KNOWN TO RESIST HIM YET!"

"THE SAME, LILIAN! BUT HUSH! HE COMES—"

[*Enter Colonel Sir Lionel Wildrake.*

MUSIC AT HOME.

Brown (enthusiastically). "OH—WHAT A REMARKABLY *FINISHED* SINGER MADAME SCRICIAULO IS!"
Miss Knipper. "YES, *QUITE* FINISHED, I'M AFRAID!"

"THE OTHER WAY ABOUT."

Irate Passenger (as Train is moving off). "WHY THE —— DIDN'T YOU PUT MY LUGGAGE IN AS I TOLD YOU—YOU OLD ——"
Porter. "E—H, MAN! YER BAGGAGE ES NA SIC A FULE AS YERSEL. YE'RE I' THE WRANG TRAIN!"

"A NARROW ESCAPE."

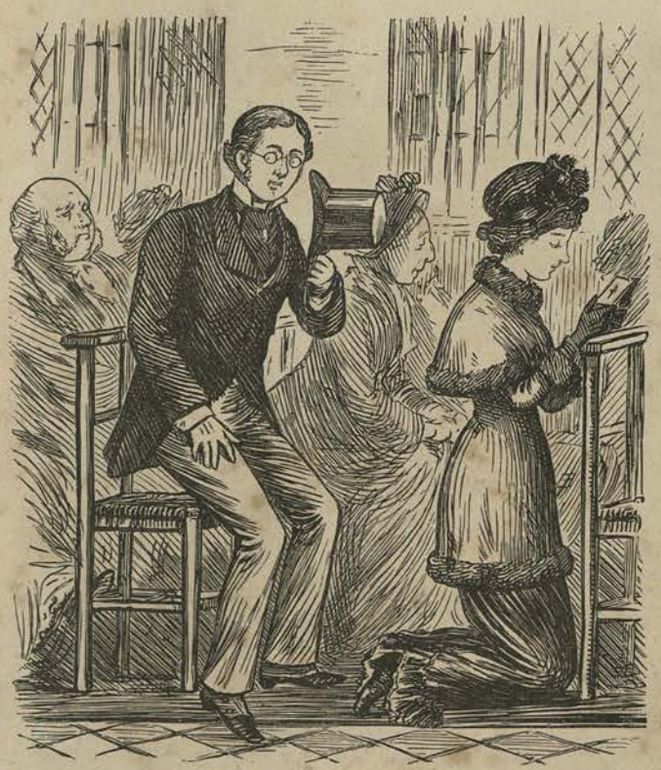
(Fragment Overheard the Other Day.)

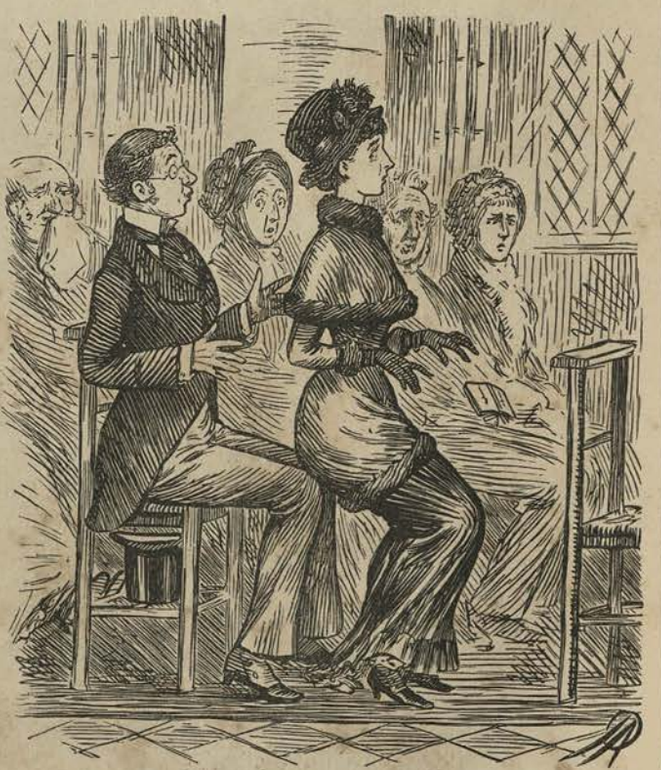
"WELL, LAUCHIE, HOW ARE YOU?"

"MAN, I'M WONDERFU' WEEL, CONSIDERIN'."

"CONSIDERIN'—WHAT?"

"I DID LAST NICHT WHAT I'VE NO DUNE THIS THIRTY YEAR. I GAED TO BED *PAIRFUTLY SOBER*, AND I'M THANKFU' TO SAY I GOT UP THIS MORNIN' *NO A BIT THE WAUR.*"





A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

HE THOUGHT IT WAS A VACANT CHAIR * * *

SHE AROSE SUDDENLY FROM HER KNEES * * *

MUCH TOO CLEVER.

Sharp (but vulgar) Little Boy. "HALLO, MISSUS, WOT ARE THOSE?"
Old Woman. "TWOPENCE."
Boy. "WHAT A LIE! THEY'RE APPLES."
[*Exit, whistling popular air.*

A LUMPING PENN'ORTH.

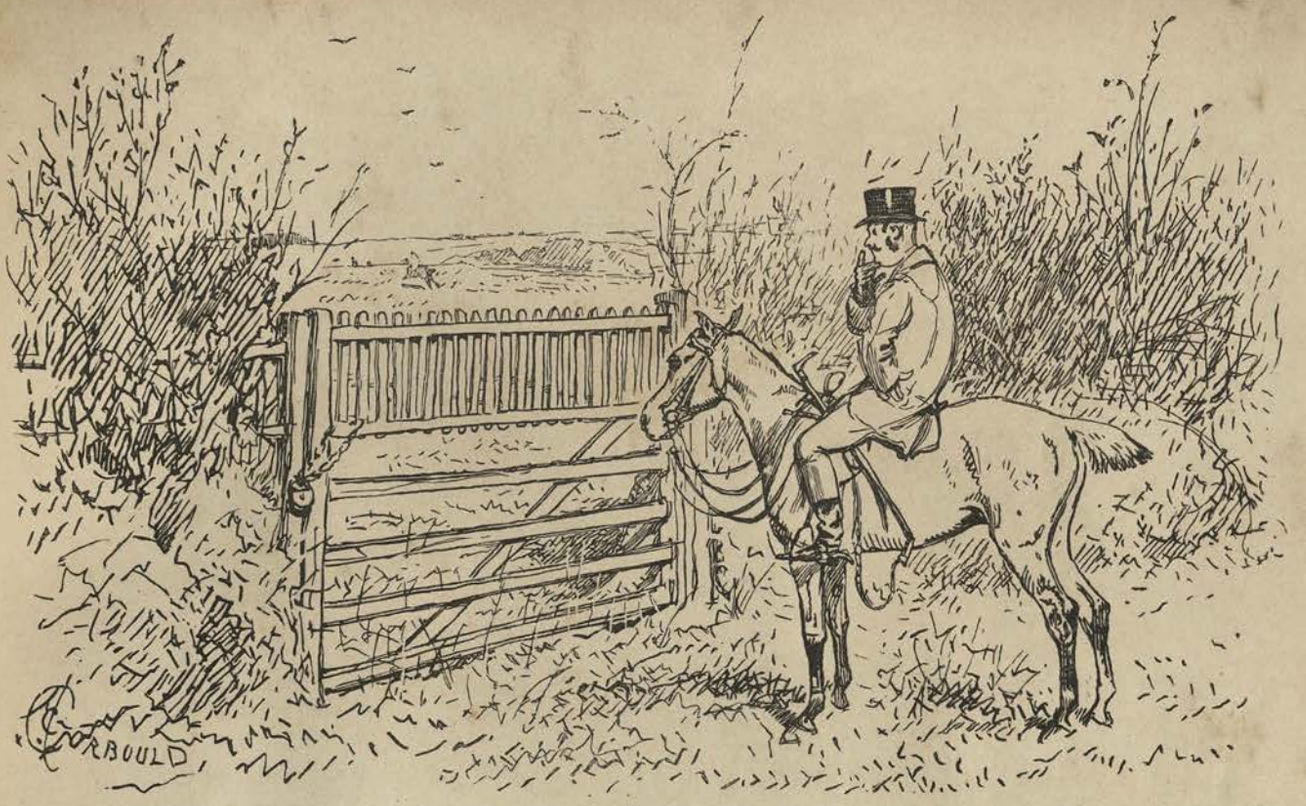
"NOW, MY MAN, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, IF I GAVE YOU A PENNY?"
"VY, THAT YOU VOS A JOLLY OLD BRICK!"

"THAT NASTY ORANGE-PEEL!"

Gallant Old Gentleman (rushing to her assistance). "I'M AFRAID, MA'AM, YOU'VE HAD A FALL—I HOPE——"
Short-tempered Old Lady (snappishly). "WHY, YOU DON'T S'PPOSE I'D SIT DOWN HERE, YOU OLD STUP——!"
[*He helps her up, and makes off hastily.*

Mr BIBBLE HUNTS the STAG
ON EXMOOR
WAITS 2¼ HOURS FOR A WARRANTABLE STAG TO BREAK
NOISES AFAR OFF — THE CHASE HAS BEGUN
Mr B. WILL FOLLOW THAT KNOWING-LOOKING OLD GENTLEMAN
OUT ON TO THE WILD MOOR
BUT THE STUPID OLD G. DOES NOT TAKE THAT BIT OF NICE GREEN TURF — Mr B. WILL
THE NICE GREEN TURF?
CROSSES A COOMBE
WONDERS IF IT WOULD BE UNSPORTSMANLIKE TO GET OFF
KNOCKED ABOUT FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS
Mr B GIVES UP THE CHASE
HAVING LOST SIGHT OF EVERY BIODY
WISHES HE'D SEEN THE STAG: BUT, HAVING GOT THROUGH WITHOUT ANY HURT, ABANDONS HIMSELF TO PLEASING MEDITATIONS
HORSE SHIES — DOES SEE THE STAG BROW, BAY, TRAY, & ALL
Mr BIBBLE AT BAY
STRUGGLE FOR LIFE — & DEATH OF THE STAG

MR. BIBBLE HUNTS THE STAG.



HUNTING PUZZLE.

HOW TO GET OVER THAT GATE.

A SKETCH FROM THE MIDLANDS.

"HULLOA, OLD CHAP! NOT HURT, I HOPE?"

"OH, NO, NO! JUST GOT OFF TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE VIEW!"

PROXY.

"AS YOU'RE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MAUD, *PLEASE* MENTION I'M SO DREADFULLY TIRED I CAN'T SAY MINE TO-NIGHT, BUT I'LL BE SURE TO REMEMBER TO-MORROW!"

COOKIANA.

"AND NOW, TELL ME WHY YOU LEFT YOUR LAST PLACE."

"I WILL TELL YOU THAT, MA'AM, WHEN YOU HAVE TOLD ME WHY YOU PARTED WITH YOUR LAST COOK."

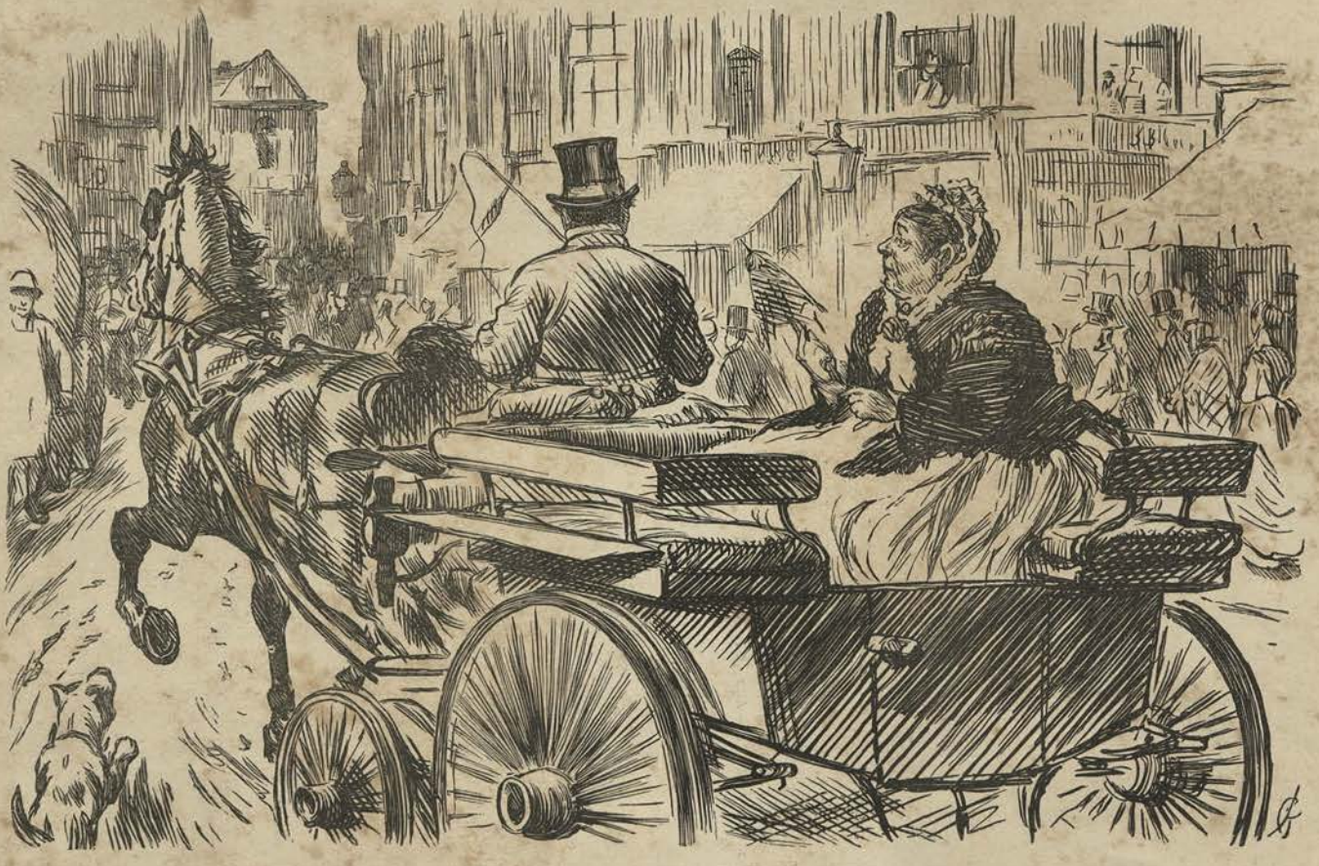
THE SHORTEST WAY THE BEST.

Mamma (to Ethel, on their way to the latter's first Party). "NOW, MIND, DARLING, IF YOU SEE ANY NICE THINGS ON THE TABLE THAT YOU'D LIKE TO EAT, YOU MUSTN'T *ASK* FOR THEM!"

Ethel. "O *NO*, MAMMA!—I'LL *TAKE* THEM!"

"STAY, MY LORD,
AND LET YOUR REASON WITH YOUR *CHOLER* QUESTION"—
Henry VIII., Act i., Scene 1.

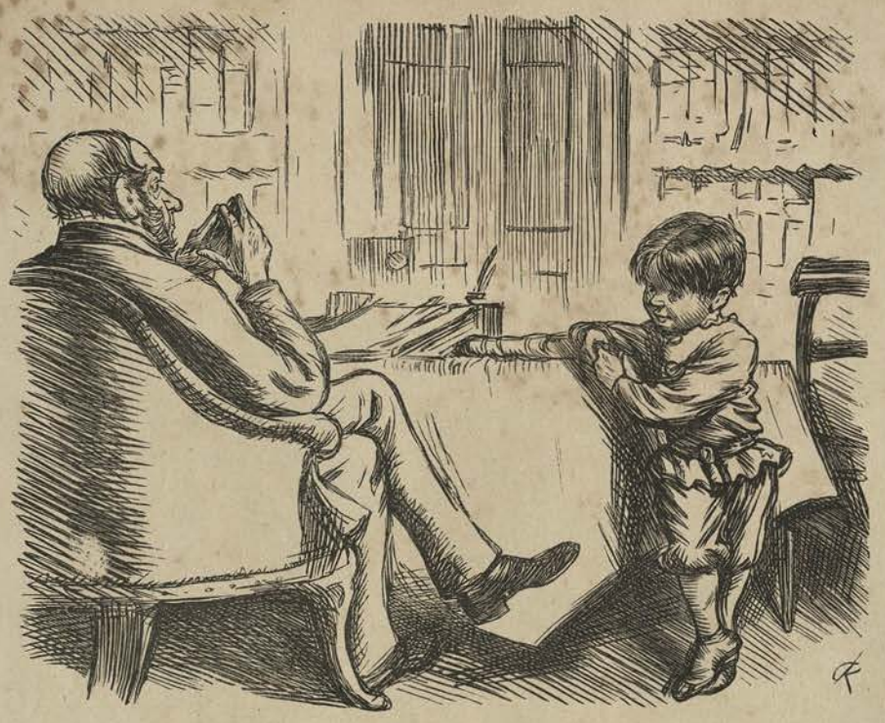
King Henry. "SWEETHEART,
I WERE UNMANNERLY TO TAKE YOU OUT,
AND NOT TO KISS YOU." *Henry VIII., Act i., Scene 4.*



RE-ASSURING.

Nervous Old Lady (Band in the Distance). "OH, THERE ARE THOSE DREADFUL VOLUNTEERS, JOSEPH! I KNOW THE HORSE WILL TAKE FRIGHT! HADN'T YOU BETTER TURN HIM ROUND?"

Coachman (who will have his own way). "OH, LET 'IM ALONE, 'M; HE'LL TURN 'ISSELF ROUND, AND PRETTY QUICK, TOO, IF HE'S FRIGHTENED!"



PROMISING PUPIL.

Bobby (who is being put through his English History by Papa—Saxon Period). "AND HE WAS TO MIND AN' WATCH THE CAKES SHOULD NOT BE BURNT—AN' WHEN SHE WAS GONE OUT—HE ONLY JUST LOOKED ROUND FOR A MINUTE—AND—ER—A—HE WAS TURNED RIGHT INTO A PILLAR O' *SALT!!*"

A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS. LITTLE NIMROD'S NEW HUNTER.

Little N. "CARRIES ME SPLENDIDLY! PLENTY OF POWER, YOU SEE!"
Charles (his friend). "HA!—QUITE SO. BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH *THE BATHING MACHINE?*"

MR. BRIGGS' ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(*Continued from No.* 1, *page* 24.)

THE DEER ARE DRIVEN FOR MR. BRIGGS. HE HAS AN EXCELLENT PLACE, BUT WHAT WITH WAITING BY HIMSELF SO LONG, THE MURMUR OF THE STREAM, THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE, AND THE NOVELTY OF THE SITUATION, HE FALLS ASLEEP, AND WHILE HE TAKES HIS FORTY WINKS, THE DEER PASS!

AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF CLIMBING, OUR FRIEND GETS TO THE TOP OF BEN SOMETHING-OR-OTHER, AND THE FORESTER LOOKS OUT TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY DEER ON THE HILLS. YES! SEVERAL HINDS, AND PERHAPS THE FINEST HART THAT EVER WAS SEEN.

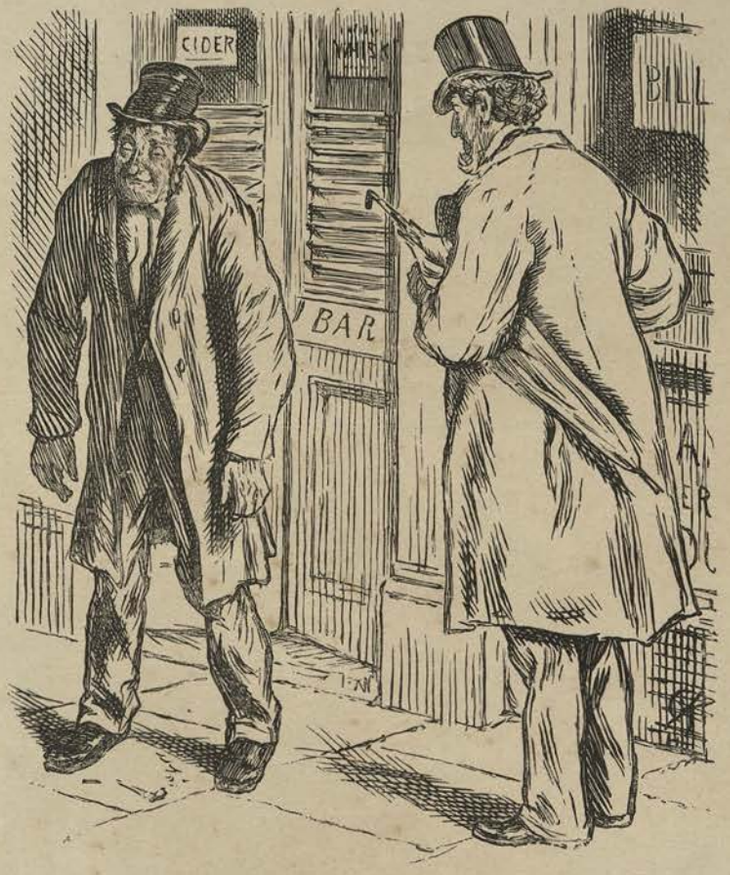
MR. BRIGGS IS SUDDENLY FACE TO FACE WITH THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN! HE IS SO ASTONISHED THAT HE OMITS TO FIRE HIS RIFLE.

MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S STALKING, AND HIS RIFLE HAVING GONE OFF SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED, HE KILLS A STAG! AS IT IS HIS FIRST, HE IS MADE FREE OF THE FOREST BY THE PROCESS CUSTOMARY ON THE HILLS!

AND RETURNS HOME IN TRIUMPH. HE IS A LITTLE KNOCKED UP, BUT AFTER A NAP, WILL, NO DOUBT, GO THROUGH THE BROAD-SWORD DANCE IN THE EVENING AS USUAL.

"AGAINST THE GRAIN."

Widow Woman (to Chemist, who was weighing a Grain of Calomel in dispensing a Prescription for her Sick Child). "MAN, YE NEEDNA' BE SAE SCRIMPY WI'T—'TIS FOR A PUIR FATHERLESS BAIRN!"



"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

Respectable Man. "DEAR ME! I'M SORRY TO SEE THIS, MUGGLES! I HEARD YOU'D LEFT OFF DRINKING!"

Disreputable Party. "SHO I 'AVE, SHIR—*(hic)*—JESH 'ISH VERY MINUTE!"

A GENTLE REPROOF.

Uncle George. "BLOW, AND IT WILL FLY OPEN, EFFIE."
Effie. "I *USED* TO BE ABLE TO OPEN A WATCH IN THAT WAY, BUT I *CAN'T NOW!*"
Uncle George. "WHY NOT?" *Effie.* "I'M RATHER TOO OLD!"

A POSER.

"IT'S NOT SO MUCH A *DURABLE* ARTICLE THAT I REQUIRE, MR. CRISPIN. I WANT SOMETHING *DAINTY*, YOU KNOW—SOMETHING *COY*, AND AT THE SAME TIME JUST A WEE BIT *SAUCY!*"

A REGULAR CUSTOMER.

"HA'PENNY CANDLE, PLEASE, AND BE QUICK, FOR MOTHER WANTS HER TEA."
"OH, YES! OF COURSE, MISS; COULD WE SEND IT ANYWHERE FOR YER?"

"THY VOICE, O HARMONY!"

Conductor. "HEASY WITH THEM BONES, BILL!"
Bones. "BUT I'M A PLAYIN' HOBLIGARTER."
Conductor. "WELL, I DIDN'T SAY YOU WASN'T; BUT YOU NEEDN'T GO AND DROWND MY TREMOLER!"

CANDID!

Simultaneously. { *Host (smacking his lips).* "NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT GLASS OF SHE——"
Guest. "MY DEAR FELLOW, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS ABOMINABLE MARSALA?!!"

TOO TRUE.

Cabby (after a squabble, pocketing his overcharge). "'JUST MY BARE FARE, THA'S WHAT IT IS!"
Old Gent. "IF IT WASN'T SUCH A BAD DAY, SIR, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD IT, I CAN TELL YOU!"
Cabby. "NO; 'CAUSE YOU'D A GONE THIRD-CLASS BY TH' UNDERGROUND, AND THEN WALKED UP THE ROAD!"

SCRUPULOUS.

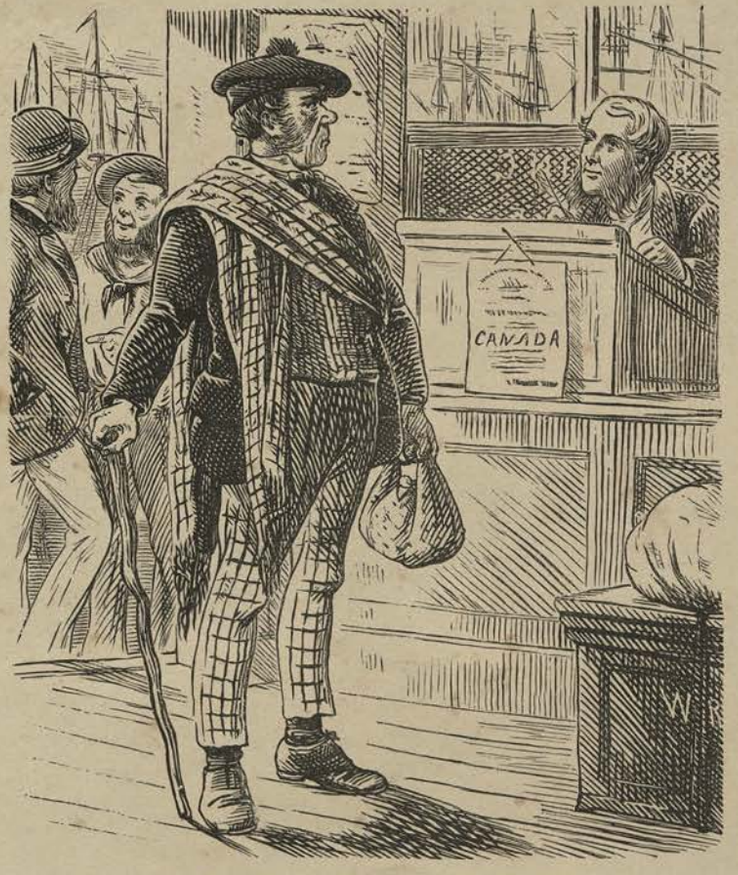
Shepherd. "O, JIMS, MUN! CAN YE NO GIE A WHUSTLE ON THA RAM'LIN' BRUTE O' MINE? I DAURNA MYSEL'; IT'S JUST FAST-DAY IN OOR PARISH!!"

COOL COURAGE.

(And long may it be the noble Distinction of the British Soldier.)

Officer. "WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE, SIR?"

Private. "DOD, MAN, A' CLEAN FORGOT!"



STANDING ON HIS DIGNITY.

Shipping Agent. "ARE YOU A MECHANIC?

Intending Emigrant (justly indignant). "NO!—I'M A MACPHERSON!"

A HEAT OF 500 UP.

SPOT BARRED.

A TWO-FIGURE BREAK.

SOME FINE FORM WAS EXHIBITED.

COOK STARTED AT SCRATCH

OPENING WITH THE CUSTOMARY MISS.

FINISHING THE GAME WITH A CANNON.

ONE POINT BEHIND.

BILLIARDS. *(Marked by D. Crambo, Junior.)*

"PUTTING" ON THE "LINKS."

THE "TEE" AND THE "CADDIE."

A BEAUTIFUL "IRON" SHOT.

THE "SPOON."

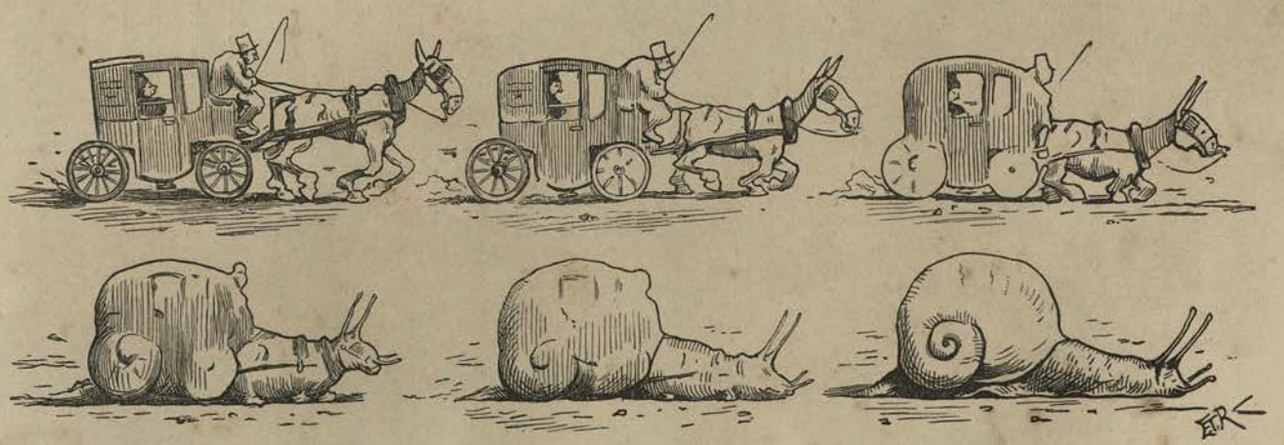
A SHOWY MANNER OF HANDLING THE "CLUBS."

A FULL DRIVE.

THE "CLEEK."

"HOLED OUT."

GOLF. *(As "Put" by D. Crambo, Junior.)*



A METROPOLITAN METAMORPHOSIS.

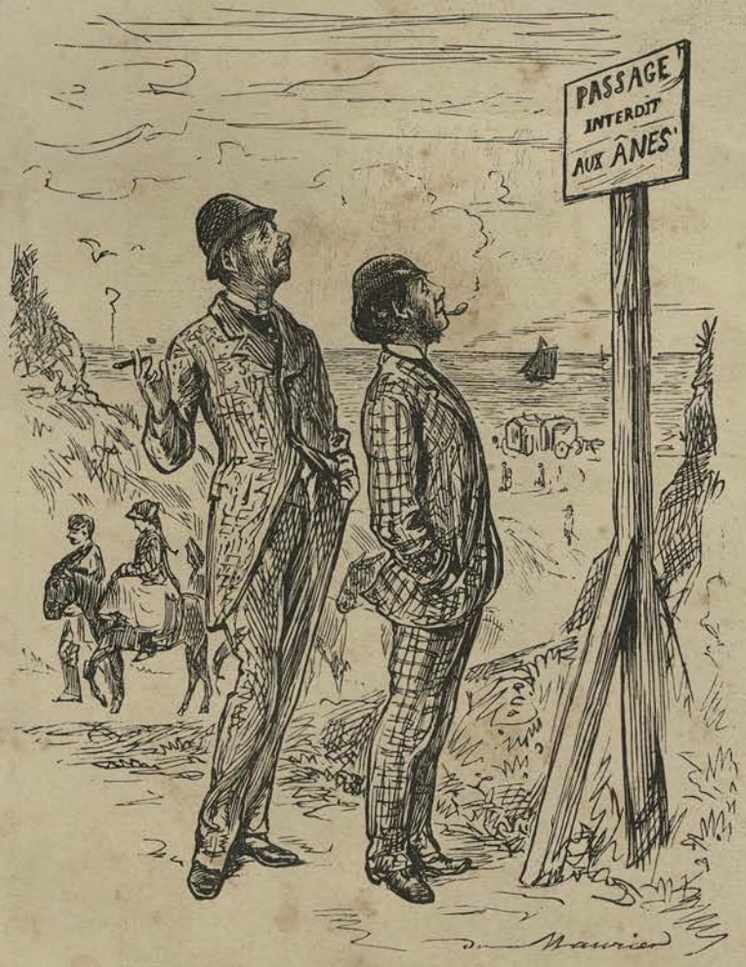
THE AWFUL RESULT OF PERSISTENT "CRAWLING."

THE STEAM-LAUNCH IN VENICE.

("Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.")

'Andsome 'Arriet. "OW MY! IF IT 'YN'T THAT BLOOMIN' OLD TEMPLE BAR, AS THEY DID AW'Y WITH OUT O' FLEET STREET!"

Mr. Belleville (referring to Guide-book). "NOW, IT 'YN'T! IT'S THE FYMOUS BRIDGE O' *SIGHS*, AS *BYRON* WENT AND STOOD ON; 'IM AS WROTE *OUR BOYS*, YER KNOW!" *'Andsome 'Arriet.* "WELL, I *NEVER!* IT 'YN'T *MUCH* OF A *SIZE*, ANY'OW!" *Mr. Belleville.* "'EAR! 'EAR! FUSTRYTE!"



INTUITION.

Puzzled Cookist. "WELL, I CAN'T *QUITE* MAKE IT OUT, 'ARRY; BUT I THINK IT MEANS AS WE AIN'T TO PASS ALONG 'ERE."

THREE JOLLY AGNOSTICS.

"AND MY WIFE, SHE SAYS, 'A MAN OUGHT TO HAVE *SOME* RELIGION,' SAYS SHE. *(Hic.)* 'RELIGION!' SAYS I. 'I AIN'T GOT 'NY, AN' I DON' WANT 'NY! ALL *MY* RELIGION,' SAYS I, 'ISH COMPRISHED IN THE SHIMPLE WORD *DUTY!!* AN'SH 'LONG'SH I SHTICK TO THAT I'M ALL RI'!'" "'EAR! 'EAR!"

GIVING THEM FAIR PLAY.

"TURN ABOUT."

George. "I SAY, TOM, DO TAKE CARE! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY FATHER THEN!"
Tom. "'SH! DON'T SAY ANYTHING, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW! TAKE A SHOT AT MINE!!"

"CURED IN AN INSTANT!"

Phunky (who has accepted a recommendation to a Dentist to remove an aching tooth). "OH, CON-FOUND IT! HE NEVER TOLD ME THERE WERE THREE OF 'EM; ONE OF 'EM'S SURE TO BE AT HOME!!"

A HORRIBLE BUSINESS.

Master Butcher. "DID YOU TAKE OLD MAJOR DUMBLEDORE'S RIBS TO NO. 12?"

Boy. "YES, SIR."

Master Butcher. "THEN CUT MISS WIGGLES'S SHOULDER AND NECK, AND HANG MR. FOODLE'S LEGS TILL THEY'RE QUITE TENDER!"

FAINT PRAISE.

John (who has come for the Saddle and things). "YESSIR, THERE'S MASTER—HE IS A STARIN' HARD, SURE-LY *(a pause)*; AND THERE'S T' OLD MARE—AND ISN'T SHE A STARIN'!"

Artist (nettled). "WELL, THERE'S THE DOG, HE'S STARING TOO, I SUPPOSE—"

John. "AY, SIR, THAT HE BE!"

UNDENIABLE.

Buyer. "IS HE WELL BROKE?"

Seller. "LOR, BLESS YE! LOOK AT HIS KNEES!"

A RURAL INFELICITY.

IF YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE A SPORTING MAN, AND ARE OUT FOR A QUIET RIDE, IT'S VERY ANNOYING WHEN YOUR HORSE INSISTS UPON JOINING THE HOUNDS THAT ARE RUNNING A FIELD OR TWO OFF THE HIGH-ROAD.

"LE SPORTMAN."

"HI!! HI!! STOP ZE CHASSE! I TOMBLE—I FALOFF! *STOP ZE FOX!!!*"

THE GOLF-STREAM

FLOWS ALONG THE EASTERN COAST OF SCOTLAND DURING THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

Hairdresser. "'AIR'S VERY DRY, SIR!"

Customer (who knows what's coming). "I LIKE IT DRY!'

Hairdresser (after awhile, again advancing to the attack). "'EAD'S VERY SCURFY, SIR!"

Customer (still cautiously retiring). "YA-AS, I PREFER IT SCURFY!"

[*Assailant gives in defeated.*

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Operator (commencing attack). "'HAIR'S FALLING OFF VERY FAST, SIR!"

Patient (carelessly). "Y-E-E-S."

Operator. "I CAN REC——"

Patient (gaily). "'GENERALLY DOES THIS TIME O' YEAR. FRESH CROP IN THE SPRING, Y' KNOW!!" (*Snores.*)

[*Operator sighs, and raises Siege.*

"RETORT COURTEOUS."

Facetious Old Gent (to Passenger with a Saw). "YOU SHOW YOUR TEETH, SIR." *(Chuckles.)*

Crusty Carpenter. "YOU DON'T. 'CAUSE WHY?—Y' AIN'T GOT NONE!"

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

Host (really in agony about his polished inlaid floor). "HADN'T YOU BETTER COME ON THE CARPET, OLD FELLOW? I'M SO AFRAID YOU MIGHT *SLIP*, YOU KNOW."

Guest. "O, IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW—THANKS! THERE'S A NAIL AT THE END, YOU KNOW!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF CUB-HUNTING.

CHEERFUL EVENING IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE AFTER BREAKFASTING AT 5 A.M.

A LITTLE FAILING.

Nervous Old Lady. "NOW, CABMAN, YOU'RE SURE YOUR HORSE IS QUIET? WHAT'S HE LAYING BACK HIS EARS LIKE THAT FOR? LOOK!"

Cabby. "O THAT'S ONLY HER FEMI-*NINE* CUR'OSITY, MUM. SHE LIKES TO HEAR WHERE SHE'S A GOIN' TO!"

PATERFAMILIAS HAS HIS HOLIDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE,

WHILE A RESPECTABLE ELDERLY FEMALE TAKES CARE OF THE HOUSE IN TOWN.

"OUT OF HIS ELEMENT."

Country Gent (to Cabman). "PRAY, IS THE BOTTOM OF LUDGATE HILL WITHIN THE SHILLING FARE FROM THIS?"

West-End Cabby. "WELL, SIR, THAT'S RATHER A NICE POINT. SOME SAY IT'S A LITTLE OUTSIDE THE DISTANCE, OTHERS—— HOWEVER, IT DOESN'T MATTER, AS I SHALL HAVE GREAT PLEASURE IN DRIVING YOU THERE; 'N FACT, I'D GIVE A SHILLING MYSELF TO GET OUT O' THE CITY!"

APPROPRIATE.

First Citizen. "I SAY, BILL—I WONDER WHAT HE CALLS HISSELF?"

Second Ditto. "BLOWED IF I KNOW!—BUT I CALLS HIM A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT.'

OUR NURSES.

Experienced Night Nurse (sternly). "COME, COME, SIR! YOU MUST STOP THAT HORRID NOISE. IF YOU KEEP WHEEZING AND SNORING LIKE THAT ALL NIGHT, HOW AM I TO GET TO SLEEP!!"

UP BEFORE THE BEAK.

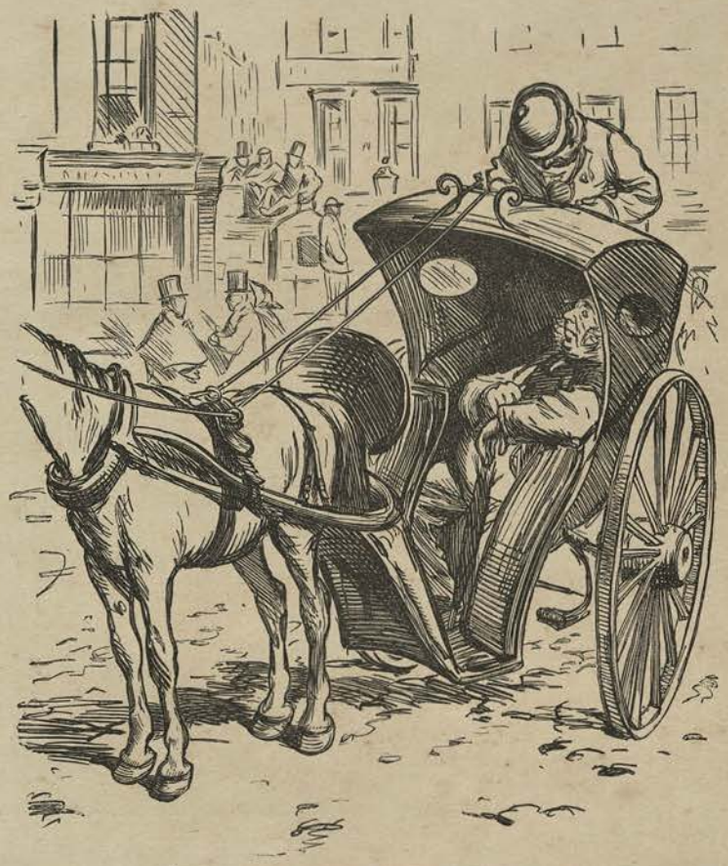
IDENTITY.

Enthusiastic Amateur (at the Nat'onal Gallery). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE NEW 'CONSTABLE'?"

Hibernian Officer. "SHURE IT'S MEESELF YE MUST MANE, SOR! I CAME ON JEWTEE HERE FOR THE FORST TOIME THIS WEEK, SOR!"

NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE.

Crusty Driver (to a remark by his Fare). "NOT FRESH! WHY THEY JIBS A GOIN' UP 'ILL AND KICKS A GOIN' DOWN. I AIN'T A GOIN' TO GALLOP 'EM TO DEATH ON THE LEVEL, 'TAINT LIKELY; THERE'S NO PLEASIN' YOU."



"IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS."

Cabman (to Heavy Party). "'UMBLY BEG YER PARDON, SIR; BUT WILL YOU TRIM THE CAB A BIT, SIR? YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO 'EAVY FOR ONE SPRING, SIR."

AGGRAVATING—RATHER!

AN INCIDENT OF WEIGHT.

Cabby. "LET YER OUT?—THAT'S A GOOD UN!—NOT AFORE YER PAYS FOR BREAKING MY SPRINGS!"

TANTALISING.

"COULD YOUR HONOUR SPARE A COPPER?"—"EH? WHAT?" "COULD YOUR HONOUR SPARE A COPPER?"—"YOU MUST SPEAK A LITTLE LOUDER. I'M VERY DEAF." "COULD YOUR HONOUR SPARE A *COPPER?*"—"I'M VERY SORRY. I AM TOO DEAF. YOU MUST ASK SOMEBODY ELSE!"

A NOVICE IN SPORT.

Old Sportsman. "BURNING SCENT!" *Mr. Verdant (out for the first time, and delighted at being spoken to).* "EH? ARE THEY? WHERE?"

EXPENDED!

Guest. "WILL YOU GIVE ME A LITTLE CHAMPAGNE?"

Hibernian Waiter. "SHUMPANE, SOR? BEDAD, I'VE HAD NONE MESELF THIS TWO HOURS!"

THE COMMISSARIAT.

Squire (to new Butler). "I HAVE THREE OR FOUR CLERGYMEN COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-MORROW, PRODGERS, AND——"

Mr. Prodgers. "'IGH OR LOW, SIR?"

Squire. "WELL—I HARDLY—— BUT WHY DO YOU ASK, PRODGERS?"

Mr. Prodgers. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, THE 'IGH' DRINKS MOST WINE, AND THE 'LOW' EATS MOST VITTLES, AND I MUST PERWIDE ACCORDIN'!!"

PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT.

Noble Swell (in scarlet). "HARK! BY JOVE, THAT'S A FIND!"

Party (in black). "'COURSE IT IS, MY LORD! JUST THE WAY WITH THEM 'OUNDS. DRAW—DRAW—DRAW—ALL THE MORNING, AND THEN DROP ON A FOX JUST AS VUN'S 'AVIN' VUN'S LUNCH!"

"TO PUT IT BROADLY."

Improvised Butler (to Distinguished Guest). "WILL YE TAKE ANNY MORE DRINK, SOR?"

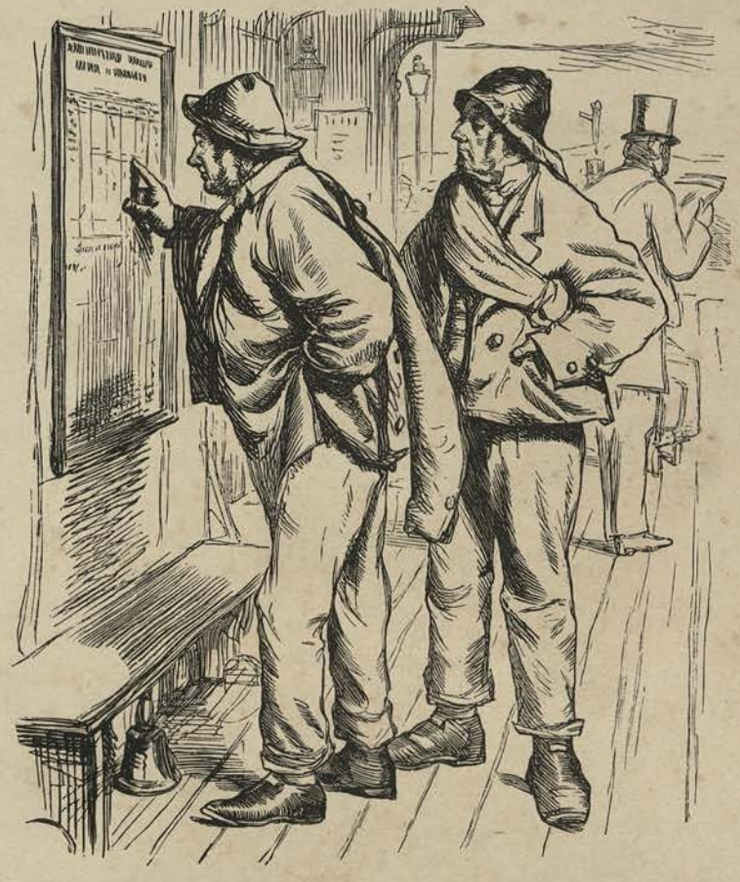
TAKING IT FOR GRANTED.

Engaging Photographer. "JUST LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MISS! THINK OF *'IM!*"

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Greengrocer. "WANT A PENN'ORTH O' COALS, DO YER? YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO 'AVE A PENN'ORTH MUCH LONGER. THEY'RE A GOING UP. COALS IS COALS NOW, I CAN TELL YER!"

Boy. "AH, WELL, MOTHER'LL BE GLAD O' THAT, 'CAUSE SHE SAYS THE LAST COALS SHE HAD O' YOU WAS ALL *SLATES!!*"



WEDNESBURY STATION.

First Collier. "TRAINS LEAVE FOR BIRMINGHAM, 10.23 A.M, 6.23 P.M."
Second Collier. "WHAT'S P.M.?'
First Do. "A PENNY A MILE, TO BE SURE."
Second Do. "THEN WHAT'S A.M.?"
First Do. "WHY, THAT MUST BE A A'PENNY A MILE."

BEREAVED.

First Pitman. "THOU HESSENT BEEN AT THE TOUN LATELY, GEORDIE. HOO'S THAT, MAN?"

Second Pitman. "THOU KNAWS THE DOG'S DEED, AND AW KENNET GETTEN ANOTHER; AN' A CHAP LEUKS SA FOND WIVOUT A DOG!"

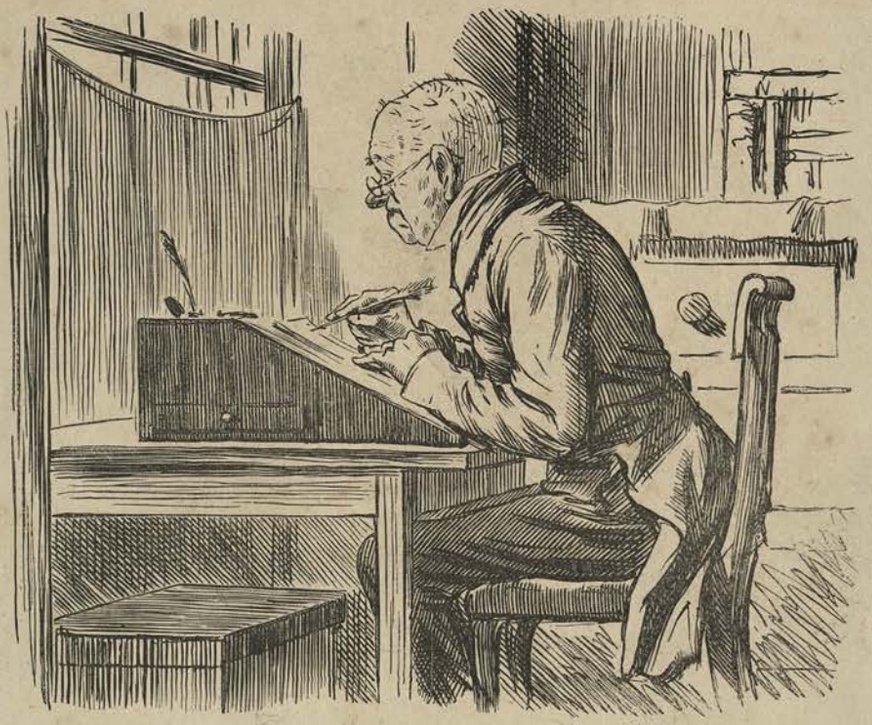
SYMPATHY.

Giles (ruefully). "VILLIAM, I'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' 'LISTED!"

William. "LOR'! 'AVE YER, THOUGH? GOT THE SHILLIN'?"

Giles. "YES."

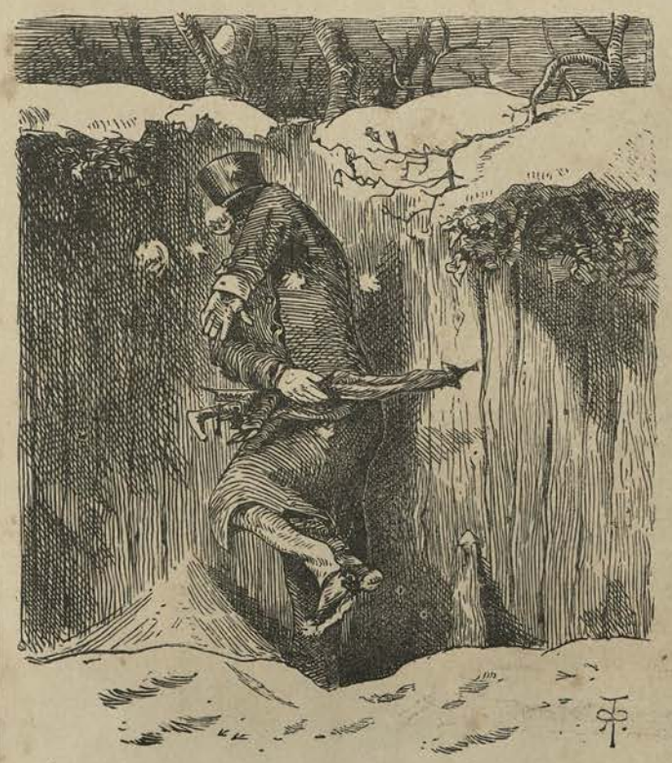
William. "WELL, THEN, LET'S GO AN' 'AVE A GLASS AT THE 'BARLEY-MOW.' DON'T LET'S BE DOWN'EARTED!"



THE PATENT RESTORER FOR THE HAIR.

(TESTIMONIAL.)

"DEAR SIR,—AFTER SIX MONTHS' USE OF YOUR VALUABLE PREPARATION, MY HAIR HAS ALREADY RECOVERED ITS FORMER LUXURIANCE," &c., &c.



CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE THE MAN.

"LEAVE OFF, YOU LITTLE BRUTES, CAN'T YOU? POLICE!"

"NOW, SHY, YOU COWARDS, IF YOU DARE!"

A CAUTION TO LITTLE BOYS AT THIS FESTIVE SEASON.

Mamma. "WHY, MY DEAREST ALBERT, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?—SO GOOD, TOO, AS YOU HAVE BEEN ALL DAY!"

Spoiled Little Boy. "BOO-HOO! I'VE EATEN SO—M-MUCH BE-EEF AND T-TURKEY, THAT I CAN'T EAT ANY P-P-PLUM P-P-PUDDING!"

PATRONISING.

"PRETTY SIGHT, AIN'T IT, CHARLEY, TO SEE THE YOUNGSTERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES?"

"DRESSED CRAB."

"Q. E. D.!"

Elderly Inquisitive Gentleman (very near-sighted). "DEAR ME! WHAT HAS THAT MAN GOT ON HIS COAT? I REALLY MUST——"

[Approaches quite close to read the Placard . . . . . THE HORSE EXPLAINS!

FOND BUT FOOLISH.

"LOOK, DUCKY *DEEEAR!* LOOK AT THE PITTY ICKLE QUACK-QUACKS!"

HIS FIRST BIRD.

"WELL, I DIDN'T MISS *THAT* ONE, AT ALL EVENTS!" "NO, SIR. THEY *WILL* FLY INTO IT, SOMETIMES!"

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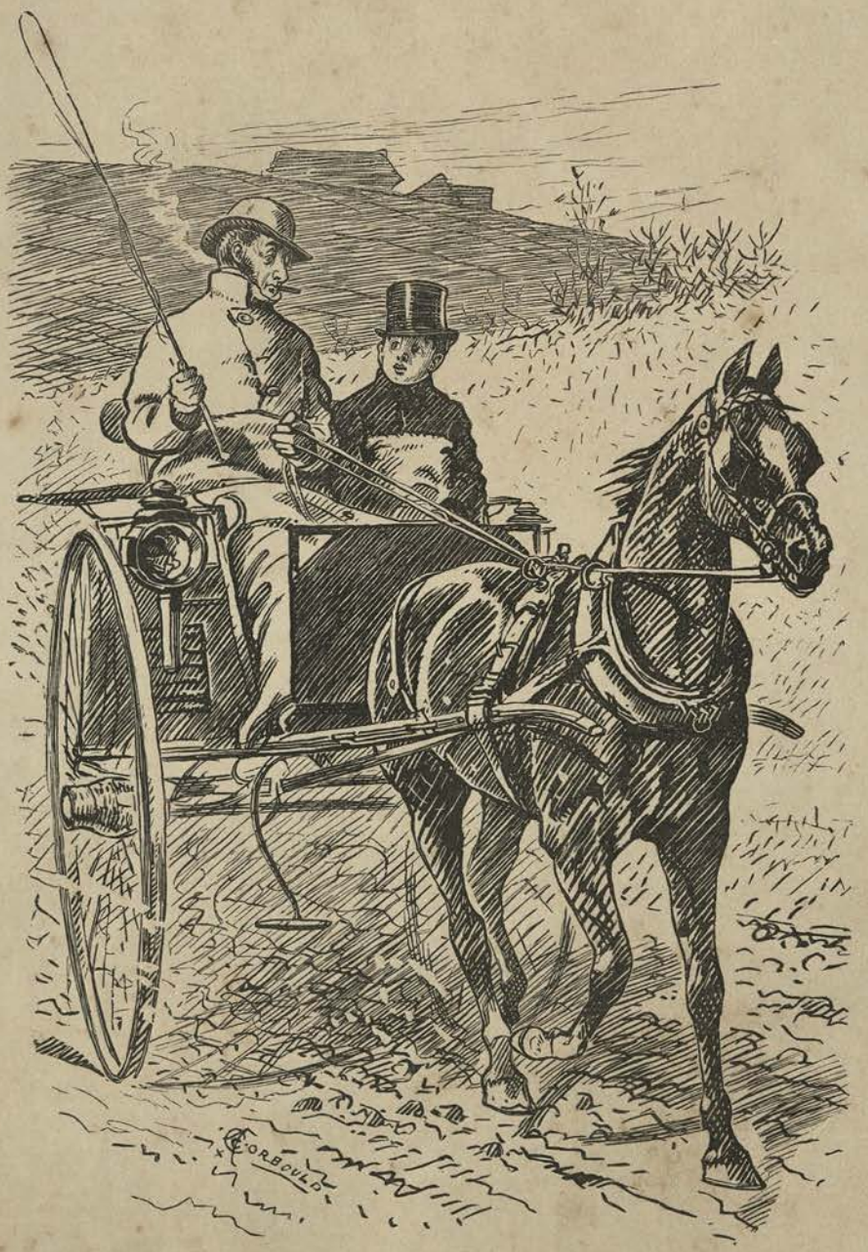


SO MUCH TO HIS CREDIT.

Uncle (bringing his Nephew home for the holidays). "GLAD TO SEE YOU HOME AGAIN, DICK. HOPE YOU HAVE SPENT LESS THIS HALF."

Dick. "OH, YES, UNCLE. I'VE GONE 'TICK' FOR EVERYTHING!"

MANNERS OF THE BAR.

A SKETCH IN THE LAW COURTS, SHOWING THE PATIENT AND RESPECTFUL ATTENTION OF THE COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF DURING THE SPEECH OF COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANT.

A VESTED INTEREST.

Bystander (to excited Scot, whose Friend had been run over). "NOT A NEAR RELATIVE, I HOPE, SIR."

Scot. "NA—BUT—HE HAS ON A PAIR O' MA BREEKS!"

"THE OLD ADAM."

The Minister (coming on them unawares). "E-E-H SANDY MCDOUGAL! AH'M SORRY TO SEE THIS! AND YOU TOO, WULLY! FISHIN' O' THE SAWBATH! AH THOUCHT AH'D ENSTELLET BETTER PRENCIPLES——" *(A Rise.)* "E-E-EH! WULLY, MAN!—YE HAE 'M!—IT'S ENTIL 'M! HAUD UP YER R-ROD, MAN—OR YE'LL LOSE 'M—TAK' CAR-R-RE!——"

[Recollects himself, and walks off.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hostess. "WHAT, MUST YOU GO ALREADY, PROFESSOR?"

The Professor. "MY DEAR MADAM, THERE IS A LIMIT EVEN TO *MY* CAPACITY OF INFLICTING MYSELF ON MY FRIENDS!"

Hostess. "OH NO—NOT AT ALL—I *ASSURE* YOU!"

A BAD ENDING.

"WELL, WILLIAM, WHAT'S BECOME OF ROBERT?"

"WHAT, 'AVEN'T YOU 'EARD, SIR?" "NO! NOT *DEFUNCT*, I HOPE!"

"THAT'S JUST EXACTLY WHAT HE *'AS* DONE, SIR, AND WALKED OFF WITH HEVERYTHING HE COULD LAY HIS 'ANDS ON!"

A REHEARSAL!

"NOW, DON'T YOU 'URRY THE HANDANTY (*ANDANTE*) THIS TIME, YOUNG FELLER!"

RECOLLECTIONS FROM ABROAD. (FREE TRANSLATION.)

ROW IN A BELGIAN ESTAMINET. (IN THREE TABLEAUX.)

"NOW THEN! YOU BE OFF!!"
"I SHAN'T!"

"WHAT!! YOU *WON'T!*"
"*NO!!*"

"THEN STAY WHERE YOU ARE!!"

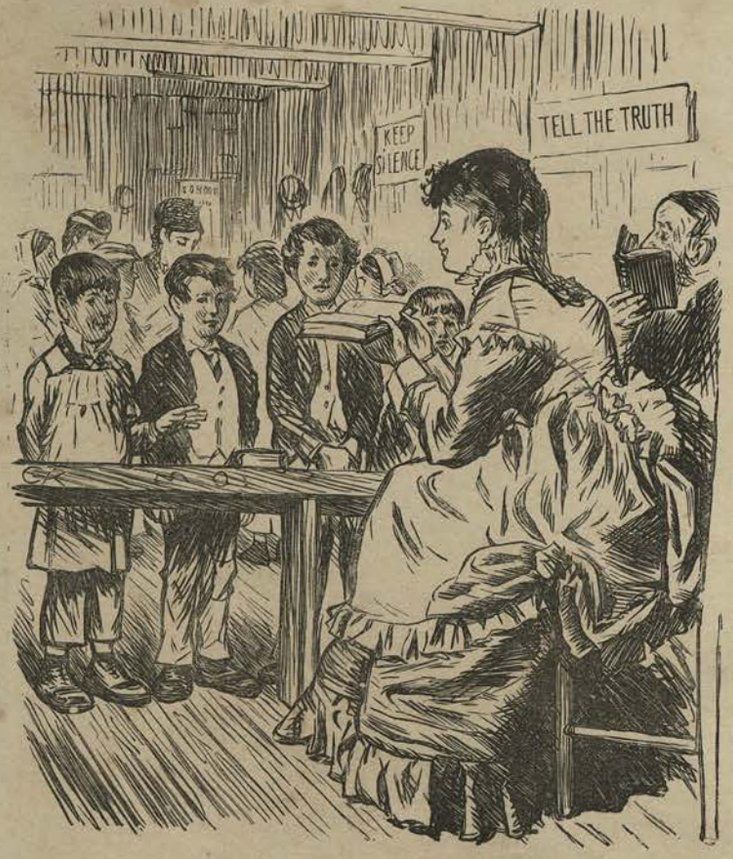
A RANDOM SHOT.

"BEG PARDON, SIR! BUT IF YOU WAS TO AIM *AT* HIS LORDSHIP THE NEXT TIME, I THINK HE'D FEEL MORE COMFORBLER, SIR!"

'ARRY WITH THE 'ARRIERS.

Huntsman (waving back the Field). "FRESH HARE! GENTLEMEN! FRESH HARE!"

'Arry (taking his Guinea's-worth out of his 'Unter). "FRESH H'AIR! O' COURSE IT IS—JOLLY FRESH! THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M OUT FOR. COME HUP!"



ON THE FACE OF IT.

Pretty Teacher. "NOW, JOHNNY WELLS, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS MEANT BY A MIRACLE?"

Johnny. "YES, TEACHER. MOTHER SAYS IF YOU DUN'T MARRY NEW PARSON, 'TWULL BE A MURRACLE!"

AN EXAMPLE!

Old Gentleman (who had evidently been lunching). "G' HOME, YOU BOYS—GO 'WAY—'SHOULDN' LOITER 'BOUT STREETSH." *(Solemnly.)* "WHA' SHOULD I HA' BEEN—*(hic!)*—'F I'D LOITER'D 'BOUT SHTREETSH 'STEAD O' 'TTENDIN' T' BUSH-'NESH!—GO 'WAY!!"

[Roars from his audience.

"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

Comely Housemaid. "O, MR. JAMES, I'M SO FRIGHTENED IN THE RAILWAY! SUPPOSE THE BILER WAS TO BUST!"

Mr. James. "THEN, MY DEAR, YOU'D BE A SINGIN' AMONG THE ANGELS IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES! "

A YOUNG POSITIVIST.

Parson. "WHAT'S A MIRACLE?"——*Boy.* "DUNNO."——*Parson.* "WELL, IF THE SUN WERE TO SHINE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY IT WAS?"——*Boy.* "THE MOON."——*Parson.* "BUT IF YOU WERE *TOLD* IT WAS THE SUN, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY IT WAS?"——*Boy.* "A LIE."——*Parson.* "*I* DON'T TELL LIES. SUPPOSE *I* TOLD YOU IT WAS THE SUN; WHAT WOULD YOU SAY *THEN?*" ——*Boy.* "THAT YER WASN'T SOBER!"

"AND LET THY BLOWS, DOUBLY REDOUBLED,
FALL LIKE AMAZING THUNDER ON THE CASQUE
OF THY ADVERSE PERNICIOUS ENEMY."

K. Rich. II., Act i., Scene 3.

"HEAR THE KING'S PLEASURE, *CARDINAL:* WHO COMMANDS YOU
TO RENDER UP THE *GREAT SEAL* PRESENTLY
INTO OUR HANDS;"—

Henry VIII., Act iii., Scene 2.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

Cabby (politely). "BEG PARDON, SIR; PLEASE DON'T SMOKE IN THE KEB, SIR; LADIES *DO* COMPLAIN O' THE 'BACCA UNCOMMON. BETTER LET ME SMOKE IT FOR YER OUTSIDE, SIR!"

YEOMANRY DRILL.

Drill-Sergeant. "DRESS UP, MR. BUMPSHUS! YOU MUST DRESS UP."

Mr. Bumpshus (indignant). "DRESS UP! CONFOUND YOU! I'M BETTER DRESSED THAN YOU ARE."

VERY FRIENDLY.

Little Gent. "MORNIN, MY LORD!—GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN!—WHAT I LIKE ABOUT FOX-'UNTING IS, THAT IT IMPROVES THE BREED OF 'ORSES—AND BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER AS WOULDN'T OTHERWISE MEET!"

UNCLE FUSBY UNDERTAKES TO DELIGHT AND INSTRUCT THE YOUNG FOLK AT CHRISTMAS-TIME

BY A LECTURE ON ASTRONOMY AND THE MOVEMENTS OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES, ILLUSTRATED BY DIAGRAMS, WHICH WERE FINALLY TOUCHED UP (JUST BEFORE THE GAS WAS TURNED ON) BY HIS MISCHIEVOUS NEPHEWS.

"HER VOICE WAS EVER," &c., &c.

Mistress. "JONES! *JONES!!* DO YOU *HEAR* ME?"

Jones (from below—he does not yet know the voices of the house). "YES, SIR!"

[*Jones leaves at the end of the month.*

OUR THREE-VOLUME NOVEL AT A GLANCE.

VOL. I.—SHE SAT APART, A CLOUD HANGING ON HER FAIR BROW, AND HER SWEET EYES DOWNCAST.

HE THREW HIMSELF AT HER FEET,

AND CRUSHING HER SLENDER FINGERS WITHIN HIS—

"LETTUCE FLY!" HE MURMURED.

SHE TURNED A LITTLE PALE—

AND TOSSING HER HEAD IN THE AIR,

SHE SWEPT PAST HIM,

FLUNG HERSELF OUT OF THE ROOM, AND DISAPPEARED THROUGH ONE OF THE DOORS.

VOL. II.—HE WAS SOMEWHAT TAKEN ABACK,

AND BURYING HIS CHIN IN HIS BREAST,

GROUND HIS TEETH.

QUICKLY RECOVERING HIMSELF,

HE LEAPT TO HIS FEET,

AND FOLDING HIS ARMS TIGHTLY ACROSS HIS CHEST—

"FOILED!" HE CRIED.

THEN, BENDING HIS BROWS, WHILE A CURIOUS SMILE CURLED THE CORNER OF HIS LIP,

HE CRUSHED HIS HAT DEEP OVER HIS EYES, AND SOUGHT THE DOOR.

HIS SUIT HAD BEEN DECLINED!

VOL. III.—IN ANOTHER SECOND HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE STREET.

"THE DIE IS CAST!" HE HISSED, WHILE HIS BROW GREW BLACK AS NIGHT.

HE HAD DRAINED THE BITTER CUP TO THE DREGS.

THAT NIGHT HE CAUGHT THE PACKET,

AND, IN A FOREIGN CLIMB,

VANISHES FROM THESE PAGES FOR EVERMORE.

RATHER SEVERE.

"SHALL I 'OLD YOUR 'ORSE, SIR?"

THE NAVAL TEAM.

Captain Steerer, R.N. "UNSHIP THAT FORRARD BEGGAR, JOHNSON AND WE'LL TOW HIM HOME ASTERN!"

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS (?).

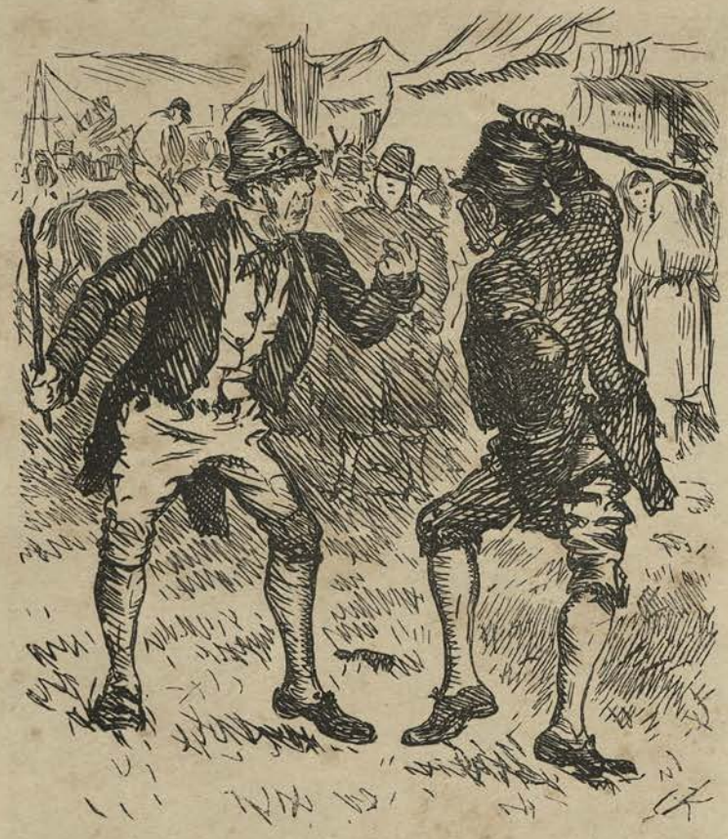
First Old Foozle. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE PAPER, SIR? THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."

Second Old Foozle. "THEN WHAT THE DEVIL DID YOU KEEP IT SO LONG FOR?"

ODD AND EVEN.

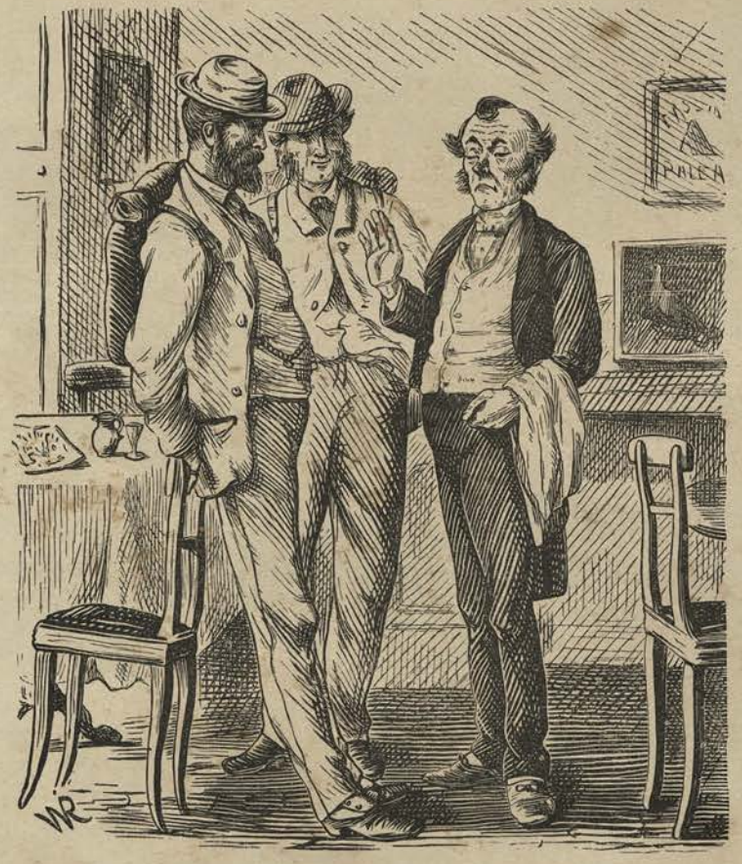
Mr. Muff (to his Keeper). "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE FIRST SEASON YOU WERE WITH ME THERE WERE NO FOXES; THE SECOND THERE WERE NO PHEASANTS; AND THIS YEAR WE'VE HAD NEITHER ONE OR THE OTHER."

Keeper. "WELL, SIR, I NEVER SHOT NO FOXES, AND YOU NEVER HIT NO PHEASANTS; SO WE AIN'T NEITHER ON US ANSWERABLE, AS I CAN SEE."



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Paddy (the loser). "ARRAH, G'ALONG! I SAID I'D LAY YOU FOIVE TO WAN, BUT I WASN'T GOIN' TO BET MY HA'F-CROWN AGIN YOUR TATH'RIN LITTLE SIX-PENCE!" *[Exeunt fighting.*



THE UNCO' GUID.

Scrupulous Waiter. "A WHAT? A SANGWITCH! NA, NA! I'LL GIE YE BREED AN' CHEESE, AN' AS MUCH WHUSKEY AS YE CAN DRINK; BUT, TAE MAK' SANGWIDGES ON THE SAUBBERTH DAY!"——

SOFT SAWDER.

"BUT I DON'T CALL THIS A FASHIONABLE 'AT!"
"IT WILL SOON *BECOME* SO, MADAM, IF *YOU* WEAR IT!"

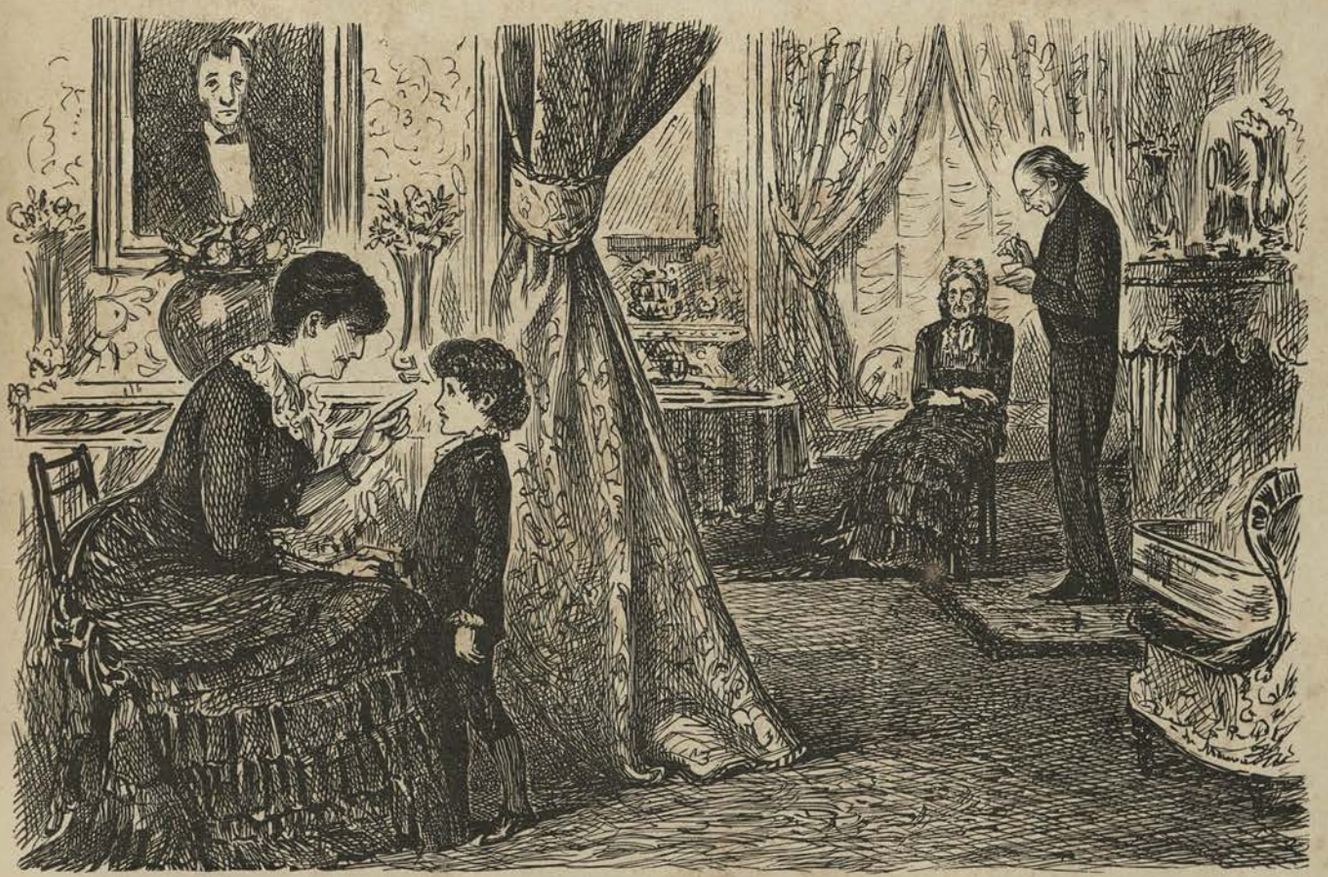
THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Margaret. "PRAY SIT DOWN. I'M *SO* SORRY MAMMA AND MY SISTERS ARE OUT!"
Shy Curate (who has called on parish business). "OH, *PRAY* DON'T MENTION IT. *ONE* OF THE FAMILY IS *QUITE* ENOUGH!"

AN AWKWARD REPARTEE TO DEAL WITH.

Head Master. "IT'S DISGRACEFUL, SIR! WHY, YOUR BROTHER, WHO IS TWO YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOURSELF, KNOWS HIS GREEK GRAMMAR BETTER THAN YOU DO!"

Dunce. "AH, BUT MY BROTHER'S NOT BEEN HERE SO LONG AS I HAVE, SIR. IT'S ONLY HIS FIRST TERM!"



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

Mamma (a Widow of considerable personal attractions). "I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, TOMMY. YOU SAW THAT GENTLEMAN TALKING TO GRANDMAMMA IN THE OTHER ROOM. WELL, HE IS GOING TO BE YOUR NEW PAPA. MAMMA'S GOING TO MARRY HIM!"

Tommy (who recollects something of the life his old Papa used to lead). "D-D-DOES HE *KNOW* IT YET, MAMMA?"

INOPPORTUNE.

Newsboy (to irritable old Gent who has just lost his Train). "BUY A COMIC PAPER, SIR?!"

[Luckily, the old Gentleman was out of breath from his hurry.

"FAHRENHEIT."

Rector. "AH, WE SHALL BE COMFORTABLE THIS MORNING, GRUFFLES. I SEE YOU'VE GOT THE TEMPERATURE UP NICELY. SIXTY, I DECLARE!"

Clerk. "YES, SIR, I ALLUS HEV A TROUBLE TO GET THAT THING UP. I TOOK AND WARMED IT JEST THIS MINUTE!"

IRRESISTIBLE.

Lady. "WHAT! TWO SHILLINGS! AND EIGHTEENPENCE FOR WA.TING THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR?—NONSENSE, MAN! IT WAS ONLY TEN MINUTES BY MY WATCH!"

Cabman (insinuatingly). "WASN'T IT, MISS? WELL, THEN, I S'POSE IT WAS A MISSIN' O' YOUR PRETTY FACE AS MADE IT *SEEM* THREE KERVARTERS OF AN HOUR!"

[*Fare pays, and thinks the Cabman an extremely nice person.*

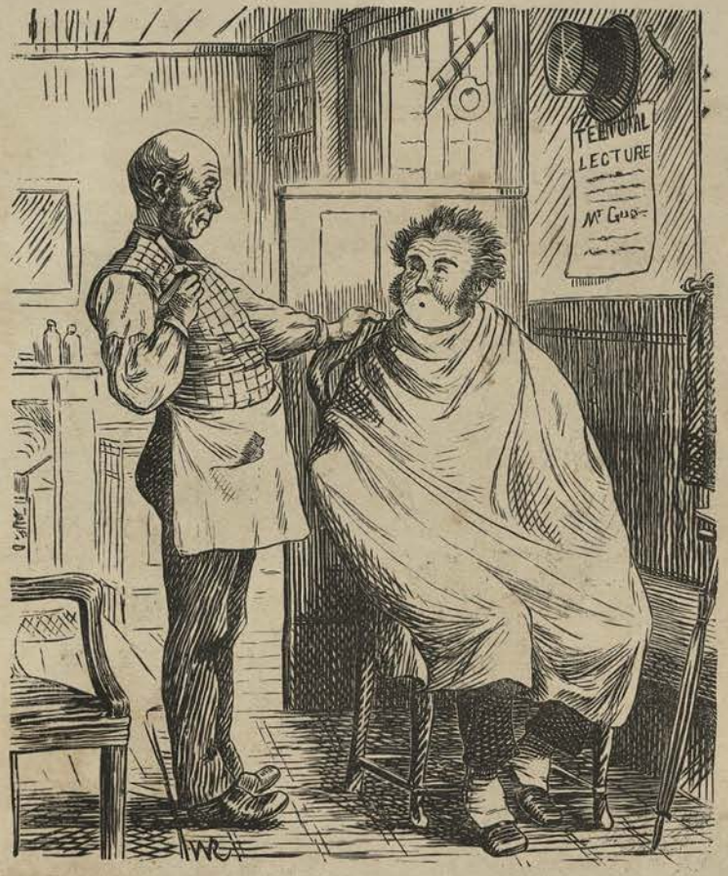
THOSE HORRID BOYS!

Precise Female (in answer to a rude enquiry). "YOU ARE A VERY IMPERTINENT BOY!—YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT IT IS A MATTER OF NO MOMENT TO YOU WHO MY HATTER IS!"

THE PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

The Marquis (in the Play). "'AVEN'T I GIVE' YER THE EDGICATION OF A GEN'LEMAN?"

Lord Adolphus (Spendthrift Heir). "YOU 'AVE!!"



A WASTED REBUKE.

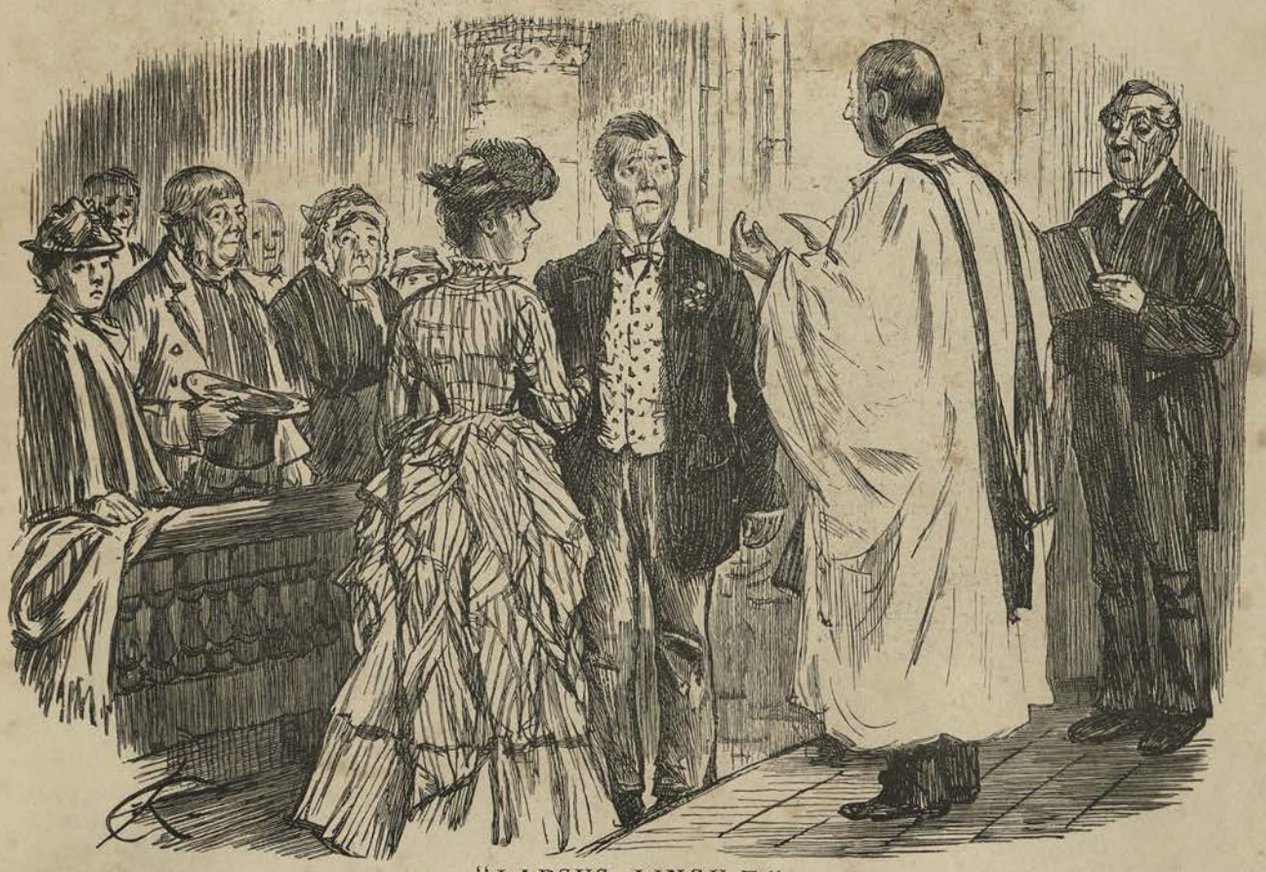
Old Gent. (nervous). "BAD THING, WHISKEY, FOR SHAVING!"

Barber. "OU AY—ATWEEL IT IS—MAKS THE SKIN UNCO' TENDER; BUT I'LL TAK' GREAT CARE."

FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.

Mrs. Smith (to Mr. S., who has just arrived home at 2.30 a.m.). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR, BY COMING HOME IN SUCH A STATE AT THIS UNTIMELY HOUR?"

Mr. S. (decidedly "fresh"). "S-S-SH-SHTATE! 'TIMELY HOUR! EH! (*After a pause, with intense dignity*) FORSHINATE FOR YOU, MA-RAM, FRIEN' TOOK ME BRI'SH MUSHEUM—(*hic*)—AN' IF WE HADN'T COME OUT 'FORE LASHT ACT PAN'OMIME—'SHOULDN' A' BEEN HOME FOR VERY CONSHI'RABLE——" (*hic*).



"LAPSUS LINGUÆ."

Parson (who is also an enthusiastic Amateur Photographer, his mind wandering during the Service). "AND NOW FIX YOUR EYES ON THAT MARK ON THE WALL, AND LOOK PLEASANT!"

POLITE SELF-ABNEGATION.

My Lady (anxious to get home). "SHALL WE TURN TO THE RIGHT, THOMAS, OR GO STRAIGHT ON?"

Thomas (the new Boy, much flattered at having his taste consulted). "LOR', MY LADY, IT DON'T MAKE NO ODDS TO *ME!*"

NOT TO BE DISCONCERTED.

"THIS IS THE SUEZ CANAL, ISN'T IT, MOTHER?"—"NO, DARLING; IT'S THE *REGENT'S* CANAL."—"OH, OF COURSE. HOW STUPID OF ME! I'M *ALWAYS* CONFUSING THESE TWO CANALS!"

A SHARP MEMORY.

New Schoolmaster (examining in Physical Geography). "WHAT IS AN ISLAND?" *(No answer.)* "FOR INSTANCE, COULD I RIDE FROM HERE TO FRANCE OR TO IRELAND?"

Nice Little Boy (quite a Favourite). "NOA, SIR."

Schoolmaster (approvingly). "QUITE RIGHT, DAVID. TELL US WHY, MY BOY."

David. "'CAUSE FATHER SAHY HE SEE YEOU O' HOSSBACK, AN' HE'D LAHY A SHILL'N' AS YEOU COU'N'T GOO HALF A MILE 'THOUT A WOBBL'N' OFF!!"

"OUR BOYS."

Pater. "KNOWLEDGE, MY BOY, IS BETTER THAN WEALTH——"

Filius. "YE-ES. BUT, PO'MY WORD, D'YOU KNOW, SIR, I THINK I PREFER THE INFERICR ARTICLE!"

"THE WORD OF PROMISE TO THE EAR!"

Railway Porter. "WEYBRIDGE! WEYBRIDGE! ANY ONE FOR V'RGIN'A WATER!—"

Thirsty Passenger (waking up at the sound of the last word). "GIN AN' WATER: 'ERE Y' ARE, PORTER! BRING 'SH FOUR PENN'TH!!"

ANTICIPATORY.

Sociable Old Lady. "WHAT YOU SAYS, MRS. JINKINS, IS QUITE CORREC'. BUT WITH ALL THESE 'ERE TROUBLES AIN'T IT A COMFORT TO REFLEC' THAT BOTH ON US IS IN A GOOSE CLUB AGAIN' CHRISTMAS? AND WITH ANY SORT O' LUCK, MU'M—(*with a chuckle*)—WE'LL HAVE A BOTTLE OF 'OH, THAT'LL BE JOYFUL!' 'SAME TIME!!"

THE KNIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

THE ARMOUR HAD BEEN SENT HOME LATE, AND IT WOULDN'T FIT.

OH! THE CURTAINS.

Objectionable Child. "LOR! PA, ARE YOU GOING TO SMOKE? MY EYE! WON'T YOU CATCH IT WHEN MA COMES HOME, FOR MAKING THE CURTAINS SMELL!"

OFFICIAL CENSORSHIP OF PANTOMIME.

Policeman. "I WOULDN'T HAVE MINDED A QUIET PERFORMANCE; BUT TO BEGIN INSULTIN' THE LAWR UNDER MY WERY EYES!—*(Waxing wroth)*—MOVE ON! OR BLOW'D IF I DON'T RUN YER IN!"

DISPLACEMENT.

Old Gentleman (Military man, guest of the Squire's, conversing with smart-looking Rustic). "WOUNDED IN THE CRIMEA WERE YOU? BADLY?"

Rustic. "THE BULLET HIT ME IN THE CHIST, HERE, SURR, AN' CAME OUT AT ME BACK!"

Old Gentleman. "THE DEUCE! COME, COME, PAT, THAT WON'T DO! WHY, IT WOULD HAVE GONE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR HEART, MAN!"

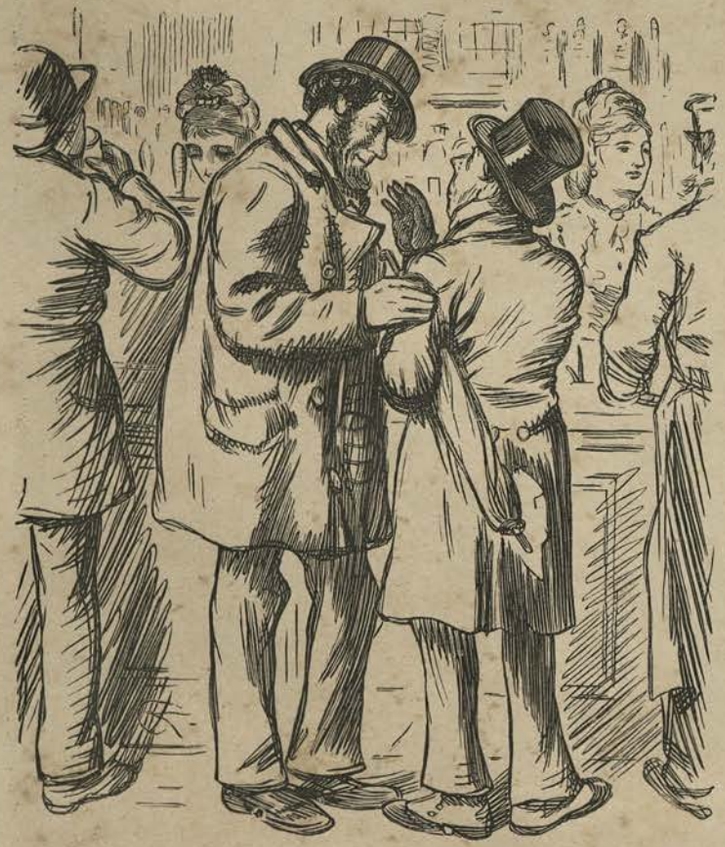
Rustic. "OCH, FAIX ME HEART WAS IN ME MOUTH AT THE THOIME, SURR!!"

CANDID.

Counsel. "WHY ARE YOU SO VERY PRECISE IN YOUR STATEMENT? ARE YOU AFRAID OF TELLING AN UNTRUTH?" *Witness (promptly).* "NO, SIR!"

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

TOMKINS'S FIRST LESSON IN THE ART OF "JUMPING."



"TRANSFORMATION SCENE."

Good Templar. "O DEAR NO! DON'T MENTION IT! I NEVER TAKE ANYTHING —I— I"

Fiend (in Human Shape). "NONSENSE! CHRISHMASH TIME! YOU'LL TAKE SOMETHING—"

~~*Good*~~ *Templar.* "WELL, IF YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT, I'LL TAKE—"

[*Takes it.*

"CONSERVATION OF TISSUE."

Uncle. "WELL, TOMMY, YOU SEE I'M BACK; ARE YOU READY? WHAT HAVE I TO PAY FOR, MISS?"

Miss. "THREE BUNS, FOUR SPONGE CAKES, TWO SANDWICHES, ONE JELLY, FIVE TARTS, AND—"

Uncle. "GOOD GRACIOUS, BOY! ARE YOU NOT ILL?"

Tommy. "NO, UNCLE; BUT I'M THIRSTY."

FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Captain Belamour (who has married Money and become a Widower). "AH, MY DEAR FELLOW—
'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST,
THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVED AT ALL'!"

AN UNSEEMLY INTERRUPTION.

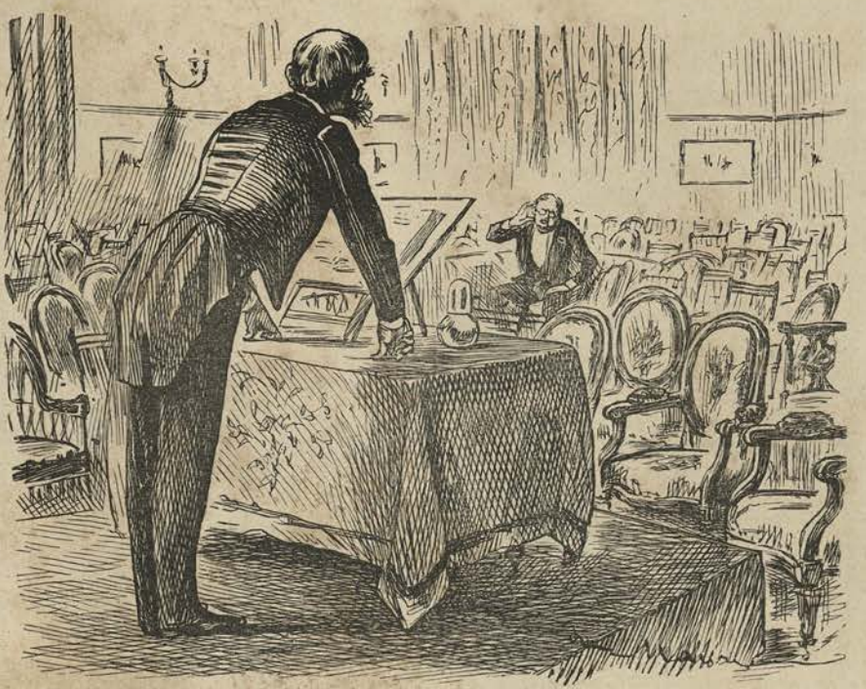
Eva (who has been told not to make a Noise during Family Prayers, which she attends for the first time). "NAUGHTY *GRANDPAPA'S* MAKING A NOISE!"

"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!"

Street Sweeper (airily). "GI'S 'CHRIS'MAS-BOX, GOV'NOUR!"

Old Gent. "CHRISTMAS-BOX! GOV'NOUR! D'YOU CONSIDER THAT A RESPECTF—A PROPER WAY TO ADDRESS A GEN'LEMAN? 'SEEMS TO ME YOU'VE MORE NEED OF MANNERS THAN OF MONEY."

Sweeper ("very rudely"). "I AXED YER FOR WHAT I THOUGHT YER 'AD MOST ON!!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE READER.

Distinguished Amateur. "AS THE PROGRAMME WAS VERY LONG, SIR, I FEEL FLATTERED THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED TO THE END!"

Remaining Spectator. "I—A—ARE YOU SPEAKING TO ME, SIR? I AM SORRY TO SAY I CAN'T HEAR A WORD. I'VE THE MISFORTUNE TO BE DEAF!"

EASIER SAID THAN DONE!

Little Angler (to gigantic Friend, whom he'd invited for a day's Trout Fishing). "KEEP BACK, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE! FOUR POUNDS, IF HE'S AN OUNCE!—THE ONLY WAY IN THIS CLEAR WATER (THERE HE IS!—AH! TUT-T-T—HE'S OFF AGAIN—) IS TO KEEP OUT O' SIGHT!"

A SERIOUS MATTER.

Fond Mother (finishing up a little bit of advice). "AND BE SURE, EDWIN, WHATEVER YOU DO, NEVER ALLOW YOURSELF TO TRIFLE WITH ANY YOUNG LADY'S AFFECTIONS."

SHIVERLISATION.

Mr. Gelidouche (to himself, shivering as he breaks the ice in his bath). "SH—SH—SH! WISH I WASH KNIGHT I' MIDDLE AGESH—B'FORE ALL THIS—TZT! *(sneezes)* SHANATORY SHIVILISATION WAS THOUGHT OF—*(sniffs).* P'POSTEROUS RUBBISH!"

A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Dr. Smiler. "BY THE BYE, I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU, LADY JANE. OF COURSE YOU HAVE HEARD THAT YOUR NEPHEW, GEORGE, HAS JUST GOT HIS FIRST——"

Lady Jane. "HIS—*FIRST!!!* GRACIOUS HEAVENS! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE BOY WAS MARRIED!"

Dr. Smiler. "HE! HE! HE! YOUR LADYSHIP MISUNDERSTANDS ME. I ALLUDE TO HIS RECENT SUCCESS AT COLLEGE."

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Squire (who interests himself with the Moral and Material Condition of his Peasantry). "HULLO, WOODRUFF! WHAT AN EYE YOU'VE GOT! HOW DID YOU GET THAT?!"

Labourer. "O, IT'S NAWTHIN' PARTIC'LAR, SIR. LAST NIGHT—AT THE WHITE 'ART, SIR. BUT—*(in extenuation)*—CHRISHMASH TIME, SIR—ON'Y ONCE A YEAR!"

THE BATTUE.

Swell Keeper (to party assembled). "NOW, I WANTS A COUPLE O' LORDS, FORRAD—A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE RIGHT, AND A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE LEFT! *(Turning to humble Commoner in Knickerbockers and Zouave gaiters.)* YOU TRY THE HIGH STUFF WITH THE BEATERS, AND TAKE YOUR CHANCE OF A *HARE BACK.*"

A MEAN AVERAGE.

Vulgar Old Uncle. "JOIN THE LADIES, GEORGE? ALL RIGHT, MY BOY. I GENERALLY TAKE A GLASS OF SHERRY BEFORE LEAVING THE TABLE—*(sips)*—YOU SEE IT MAKES ABOUT THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE GLASSES A YEAR—*(smacking his lips)*—EXTRY!!"

MUSIC IN THE MIDLANDS.

Intelligent Youth of Country Town. "AH SAY, BILL, 'ULL THAT BE T' ELIJAH GOIN' OOP I' THAT BIG BOX?!"

A STUDY FROM THE PARLOUR-WINDOW.

SEUSAN, TAKING IN WHAT SHE NOT UNAPTLY CALLS THE "AREA-ATED BREAD."

Bilious Old Uncle. "I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE THIS FALL; IT WILL GIVE THAT DREADFUL BOY CHILBLAINS, AND HE'LL BE LAID UP OUT OF MISCHIEF."

OCCUPATION OF "THAT DREADFUL BOY" AT THE SAME PERIOD.

MUTUAL SATISFACTION.

"OH! THE MISTLETOE BOUGH."

Aunt Virginia. "GOOD GRACIOUS, GIRLS, I DECLARE I'M QUITE AFRAID TO GET OUT! LOOK AT THE CABMAN! HE'S GOT MISTLETOE IN HIS HAT!!"

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Britisher (picking up his last shot). "'FRENCH BIRD."

Monsieur Chevrette. "AH YES. HE IS BIGGER BIRD ZAN ZE ENGLISH—MORE CO-RAGE—MORE 'AN'SOME. 'RED LEGS AND RED BICK. AND HIS—HIS FOLIAGE IS QUITE DIF-FRENT!"

UNCONSCIOUS SATIRE.

Keeper (to the two Tourists, who find Canoeing more difficult on the Highland Rivers than on the Thames). "HI! HOY! HOY! D'YE NO KEN THIS IS THE McCHIZZLEM'S PRIVATE WATTER!?"

HUNTING HINTS.

HOW TO RETAIN POSSESSION OF YOUR HORSE AFTER A FALL—A SALMON REEL AND LINE IS THE VERY THING!

"A WORD IN SEASON," ETC.

"NEVER MIND, MEASTER!—UP YE GETS AGEN. YOU WOR WERRY NIGH OFF *THAT* TIME!"

GREAT WESTERN, 3 A.M.

"WHY THE DEUCE DO YOU ALWAYS *YAWN* WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME, SIR, HAY?"
"WHY THE DEUCE DO YOU ALWAYS *LOOK* AT ME, SIR, WHEN I'M *YAW—HAW—HAWNING!*"

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—JONES'S DRESSING-ROOM.

(The Costumier has forgotten to send Jones's Jack Boots.) *Jones.* "CALLED AM I? I CAN'T PLAY *CHARLES XII.* IN PATENT LEATHER BOOTS WITH GREEN TOPS! I MUST HAVE YOURS!"

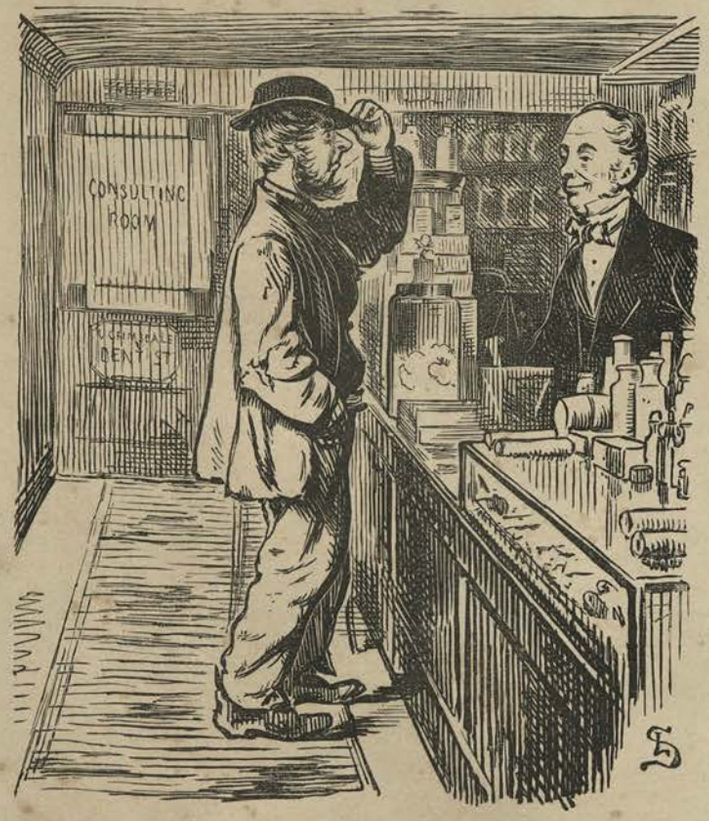
[Brown, who plays 2nd Officer, don't see it.

FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Unemployed Party (who has not received the donation he bogged for). "YAH! I TRICED YER LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNAOW!'"

FLATTERING.

Old Lady (to modest Curate). "LOR', SIR, I DO LIKE TO 'EAR YOU PREACH EXTRUMPERY!—YOUR LANGUAGE IS THAT WON'ERFUL FLUID!"



A STOPPER.

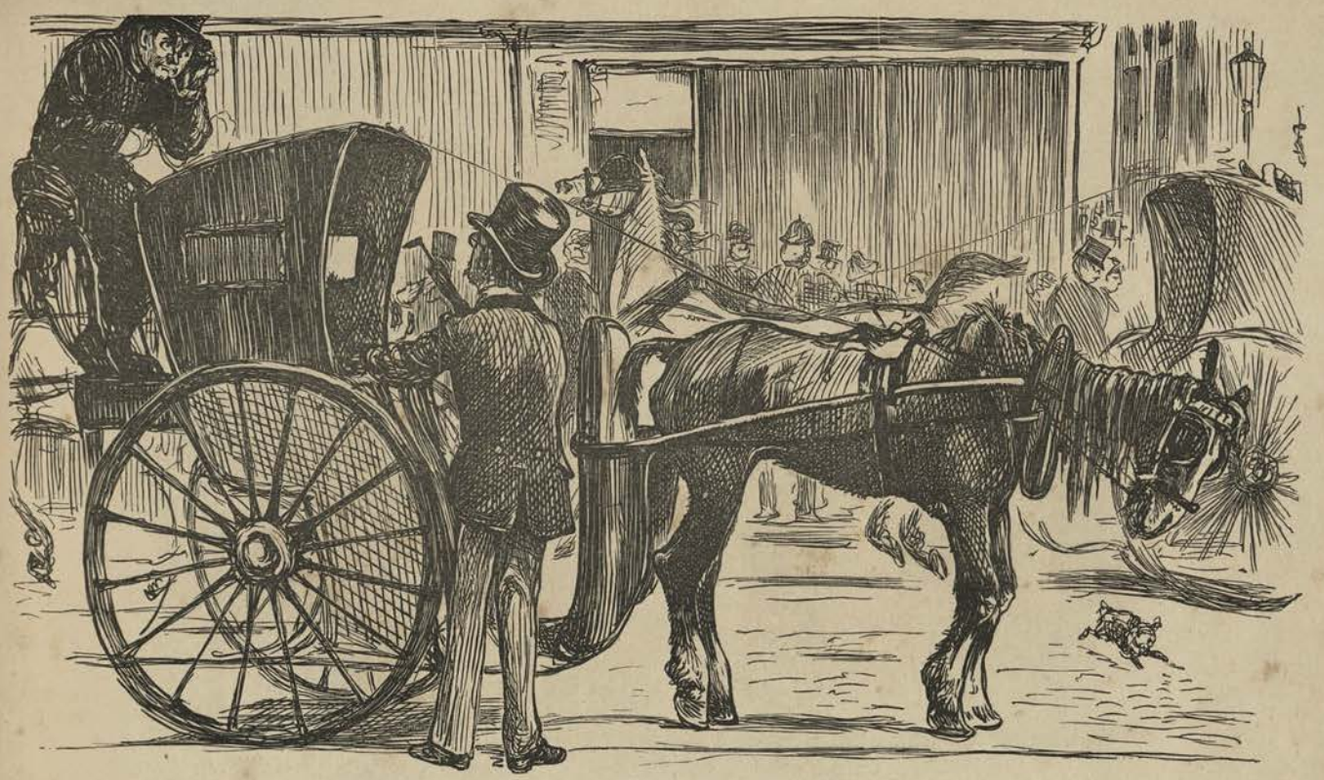
Itinerant Vendor. "GIE US A CHRIS'MAS-BOX, GUVNOR! I ALLUS HAS MY TEETH DRAWED 'ERE."

Practitioner. "ALL RIGHT, MY MAN! STEP INSIDE, AND I'LL TAKE ONE OUT FOR NOTHING." *[Itinerant Vendor does not seem to see the pull of it.*

THE IDLE SERVANT.

Mistress. "YOU ARE AN EXCESSIVELY WICKED BOY, SIR! YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY LONG TIME BRINGING ME THIS LETTER—AND I MUST INSIST UPON KNOWING IN WHAT MANNER YOU HAVE BEEN IDLING AWAY YOUR TIME—SPEAK, SIR!"

Domestic. "BOO-HOO-'M! IF YOU PLEASE, 'M! *ME AND ANOTHER BUTLER* WAS A LOOKING AT PUNCH, HOO-HOO!!"



DON'T LOOK TOO MUCH BEFORE YOU LEAP.

JENKINS IS TIMID, AND NEVER RIDES IN HANSOM CABS, ON ACCOUNT OF THE WELL-KNOWN TENDENCY THE HORSES THEREOF HAVE TO BOLT, KICK, AND OTHERWISE MISCONDUCT THEMSELVES. BUT ONE DAY HE SEES A HORSE WITH A CERTAIN "JE NE SAIS QUOI" ABOUT IT THAT INSPIRES HIM WITH CONFIDENCE; AND HAVING ASCERTAINED FROM THE DRIVER THAT SAID HORSE IS NOT TOO FRESH, AND MADE HIM PROMISE NOT TO LET IT GALLOP, HE ENTERS THE VEHICLE—

THE RESULT!

"LE JEU NE VAUT PAS LA CHANDELLE."

Old Gent (having had to pay twice). "BUT I'M POSITIVE I HANDED YOU THE MONEY! IT MAY PROBABLY HAVE DROPPED DOWN THE SLIT IN THE DOOR!"

Conductor. "SLIT IN THE DOOR!—WELL, 'TAIN'T LIKELY I'M GOIN' TO TURN THE BUS UPSIDE-DOWN FOR SIXPENCE!"

A MODEST DISCLAIMER.

The Professor (opening his Wife's Prayer-book by chance). "'WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS I THEE ENDOW'! WHY, WHEN WE MARRIED, MARIA, I HADN'T A PENNY TO BLESS MYSELF WITH, LET ALONE TO ENDOW *YOU!*"

Maria. "NO, MY LOVE; BUT YOU HAD A MAGNIFICENT INTELLECT, AND ENDOWED ME WITH *THAT*—"

The Professor. "*NO, I DIDN'T,* MARIA!"

DIAGNOSIS.

"I CAN TELL YOU WHAT *YOU'RE* SUFFERING FROM, MY GOOD FELLOW! YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM *ACNE!*"

"'*ACKNEY!* WHY, THAT'S JUST WHAT THE *T'OTHER* MEDICAL GENT HE TOLD ME! *I ONLY WISH I'D NEVER BEEN NEAR THE PLACE!*"

WHIST.

(Cut In by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)

POLE, CAVENDISH, AND HOYLE.

CUT FOR DEAL.

PLAYING A TRUMP.

TAKING DUMMY AND FOLLOWING SUIT.

A MISSED EEL.

COMMANDING CARDS.

A RUBBER.

HONOURS DIVIDED.

RETURNING THE LEAD.

TURN-UP CARD.

GAME IN HAND.

DISCARDING A WEEK'S SOOT.

WOUNDED PRIDE.

Small Boy. "NOW, THEN, YOU SIR! DON'T YOU KNOW NO BETTER THAN TO RUN AGIN A MIMBER O' PARLIAMENT—JUST YOU COME BACK, AND PICK UP MY 'AT, OR I'M BLOWED IF I DON'T MAKE YER!"

URGENT.

Street Boy. "I SAY, COOKY? THEY JUST ARE A-FININ' OF 'EM ALL ROUND THE SKVARE—GIVE US A SHILLIN' AND I'LL SWEEP YOUR DOOR AFORE THE PLEECEMAN COMES."

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

Old Lady. "OH, AH! YES, IT'S THE WAITS. I LOVE TO LISTEN TO 'EM. IT MAY BE FANCY, BUT SOMEHOW THEY DON'T SEEM TO PLAY SO SWEETLY AS THEY DID WHEN I WAS A GIRL. PERHAPS IT IS THAT I'M GETTING OLD, AND DON'T HEAR QUITE SO WELL AS I USED TO DO."

A FINE DISPOSITION.

Affectionate Husband. "COME, POLLY, IF I AM A LITTLE IRRITABLE, IT'S OVER IN A MINUTE!!"

SHARP—RATHER!

First Boy. "I SAY, BILL, WHAT 'A YER GOT IN THAT WALLET?"
Second Boy. "HOW D'YER KNOW MY NAME WAS BILL?"

First Boy. "OH, GUESSED IT."
Second Boy. "THEN YER M' GUESS WHAT'S IN THIS 'ERE WALLET!"

MIGHT BE WORSE.

Darling Daughter. "OH, PA, WHAT D'YOU THINK? MA'S LOST TEN POUNDS!"
Daughter. "HUSH—SH, PA! SINCE SHE'S BANTING I MEAN—AVERDUPOISE OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, YOU KNOW!"

Papa. "WHAT! THE OLD ——."

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"IT'S VERY ODD—BUT I CAN'T GET RID OF MY PICTURES. THE HOUSE IS FULL OF THEM!"
"CAN'T YOU GET YOUR GROCER TO GIVE 'EM AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA, OR SOMETHING?"

STUDIES IN REPARTEE.

She. "HOW SILENT YOU ARE! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF?"
He. "*NOTHING!*" *She.* "EGOTIST!"

TERRIBLE SITUATION.

Hostess. "I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO A CHARMING PARTNER—MR. TRIMMLES, MISS MUDDLEWORTH." *(In a whisper to him.)* "SO CLEVER! WROTE THAT CAPITAL ARTICLE ON SPONTANEOUS CEREBROSITY IN THE LAST SIXTH-MONTHLY!!"

AFTER THE PANTOMIME.

Nurse. "THERE'S YOUR CAKE, MISS GEORGEY. NOW, MASTER BOBBY, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU GO TO BED?"

Master Bobby. "I'LL HAVE A DEVILLED TURKEY'S LEG, WELL PEPPERED, AND SOME BEER, IF YOU PLEASE."

TRUE RESPECTABILITY.

First Costermonger. "I WONDER A RESPECTABLE COVE LIKE YOU, BILL, CARRIES YOUR OWN COLLYFLOWERS; WHY DON'T YER KEEP A CARRIDGE LIKE MINE?"

Second Costermonger. "WHY DON'T I KEEP A CARRIDGE? WHY, BECAUSE I DON'T CHOOSE TO WASTE MY HINCUM IN MERE SHOW AND FASHIONABLE DISPLAY!"

PLEASANT!

Scene—A bleak Scottish Moor. Time—New Year's Day. Train gradually stops.

Excited Passenger. "NOW, THEN, GUARD, WHAT *ARE* YOU STOPPING HERE FOR?"

Philosophical Guard. "FACT IS, THE WATTER'S GANE AFF THE BILE. HOOEVER, IT'S JIST POSSIBLE TH' EXPRESS BEHIN'LL BE LATE."

EACH FOR HIS OWN.

"GARDENER! GARDENER! LOOK!! THERE'S MY LITTLE BOY PLAYING WITH YOUR SCYTHE!!!"
"LORBLESSYER MUM! I DON'T MIND! HE WON'T *HURT* IT!!"

"SAILING DIRECTIONS."

Old Gent (in the vicinity of the Docks). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO CHARING CROSS?"—*Ancient Mariner.* "CHARIN' CROSS? LE'S SEE, 'WIND'S ABOUT NOR'-WEST BY NOTHE,—YOU KEEP THE SUN ON YOUR WEATHER BOW, AND YOU'LL JIST ABOUT FETCH——" *[Old Gent hurries off.*

SUPPORT.

Vicar. "SORRY I NEVER SEE YOU AT CHURCH, SQUIRE. AS A LEADING MAN IN THE PARISH, YOU OUGHT TO BE ONE OF THE PILLARS——"

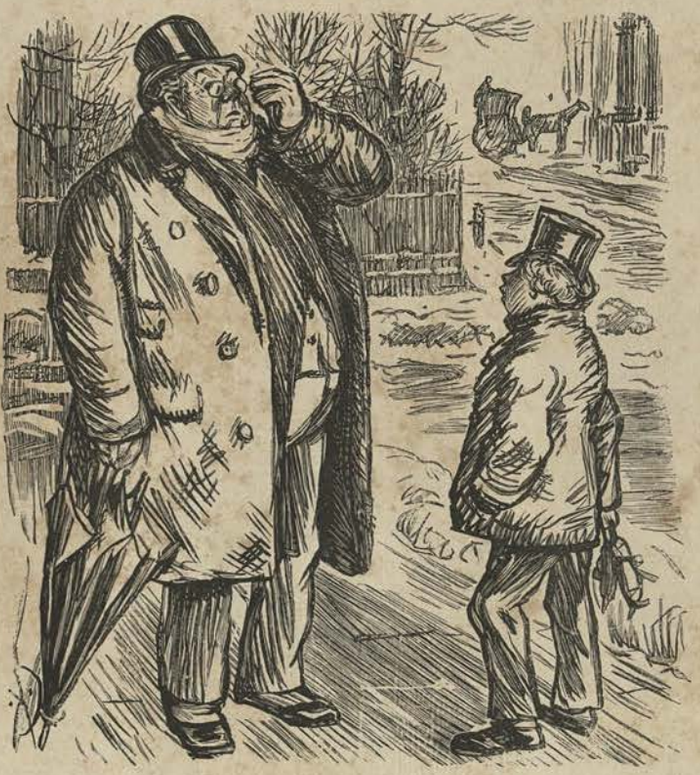
Squire. "WELL, AT ALL EVENTS, IF I'M NOT A PILLAR, I'M ONE O' THE BUTTRESSES—ALWAYS TO BE FOUND OUTSIDE, YOU KNOW!!"

AWFUL INSTANCE OF PERCEPTION OF CHARACTER IN AN INFANT PRODIGY.

Prodigy. "MAMMA, LOOK DERE! DERE PAPA!"

A DUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Emily (sotto voce). "MY GOODNESS, EDITH. WHAT SHALL I DO?—MY NOSE ITCHES SO DREADFULLY, AND WE ARE COMING TO THE MOST DIFFICULT PART."



PERSONAL.

Grandpa'. "HULLO, GODFREY, MY BOY! 'BEEN SKATING?"

Godfrey. "YES, GRAN'PA'; BUT IT'S NO USE FOR *YOU* TO TRY. IT WON'T BEAR YOU FOR ANOTHER FORTNIGHT!"

ROTTEN ROW NORTH.

'Ampstead Cavalier. "WOULD YOU BE SO KIND, MUM, AS TO FETCH 'IM A GOOD WHACK 'ITH YOUR RUMBERELLER?"

VERY MUCH CARED FOR.

Chorus of Ladies (to comely Curate). "O, MR. SWEETLOW, DO TAKE CARE! DON'T GO UP!—SO DANGEROUS! DO COME DOWN! O!"

Rector (sarcastically). "REALLY, SWEETLOW, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER LET A MARRIED MAN DO THAT?!!"

A FACT.

Salvation Army Black Man (to Farmer in opposite corner of Third-class Carriage). "HAVE YOU BEEN BORN AGAIN, MY FRIEND?"

Farmer. "DON'T KNOW. HAVE YOU?" *Black Man.* "YES, I HAVE."

Farmer. "WELL, THEN, IF I'D BIN YOU, I'D 'A BIN BORN A *WHITE 'UN!*"

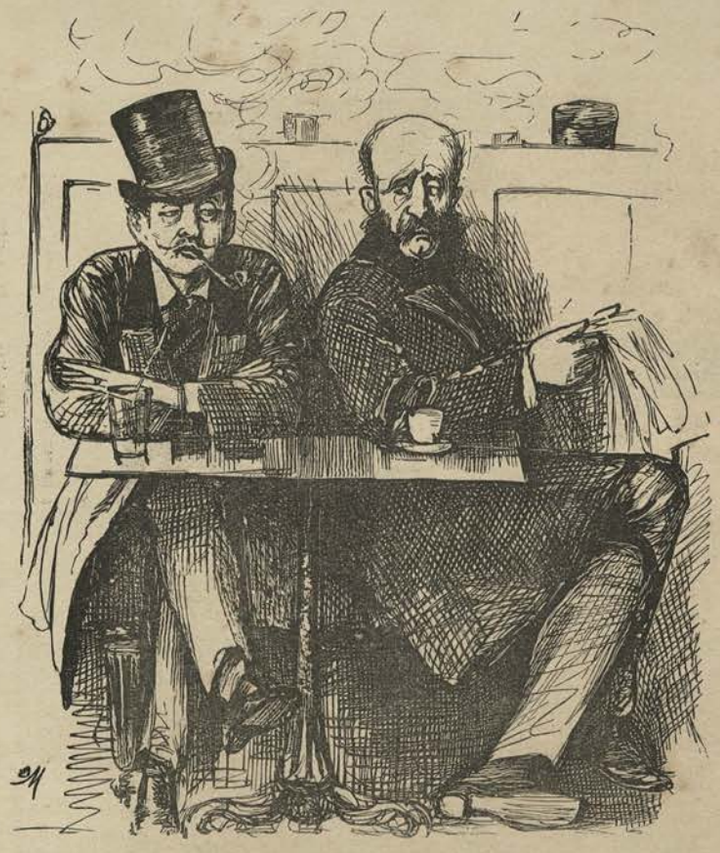
[Collapse of Black Man.

DIFFERENT PEOPLE TAKE DIFFERENT VIEWS.—VENICE ACCORDING TO THREE ARTISTS.

"(NOT) THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES."

Cat's-Meat Man. "WHAT 'A YER GOT FOR DINNER TO-DAY, JOE?"

Crossing-Sweeper. "OH, A BIT O' ROAST WEAL, SENT ME UP FROM NO. 6 IN THE CRESCENT 'ERE—AN' YER WOULDN'T B'LLEVE IT!—NOT A MOSSEL O' STUFFIN—AH, AN' NOT SO MUCH AS A SLICE O' LEMON!—AND *(with a sneer)* CALLS THEIRSELVES RESPECT'BLE PEOPLE, I'VE NO DOUBT!!"

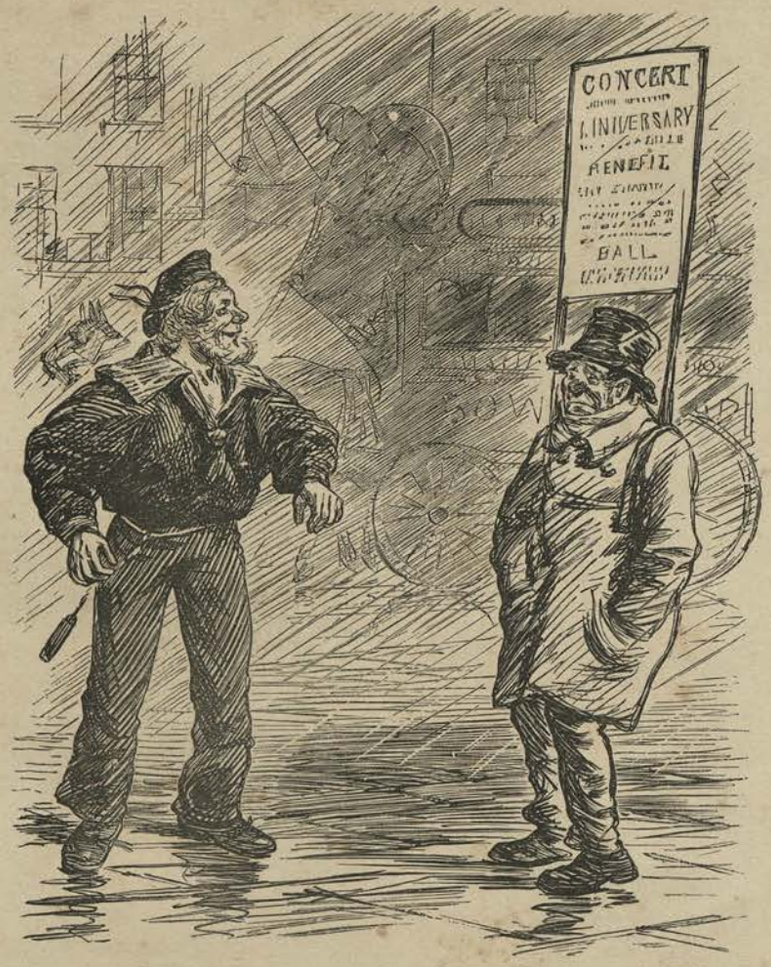


AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.

(One that might be dispensed with.)

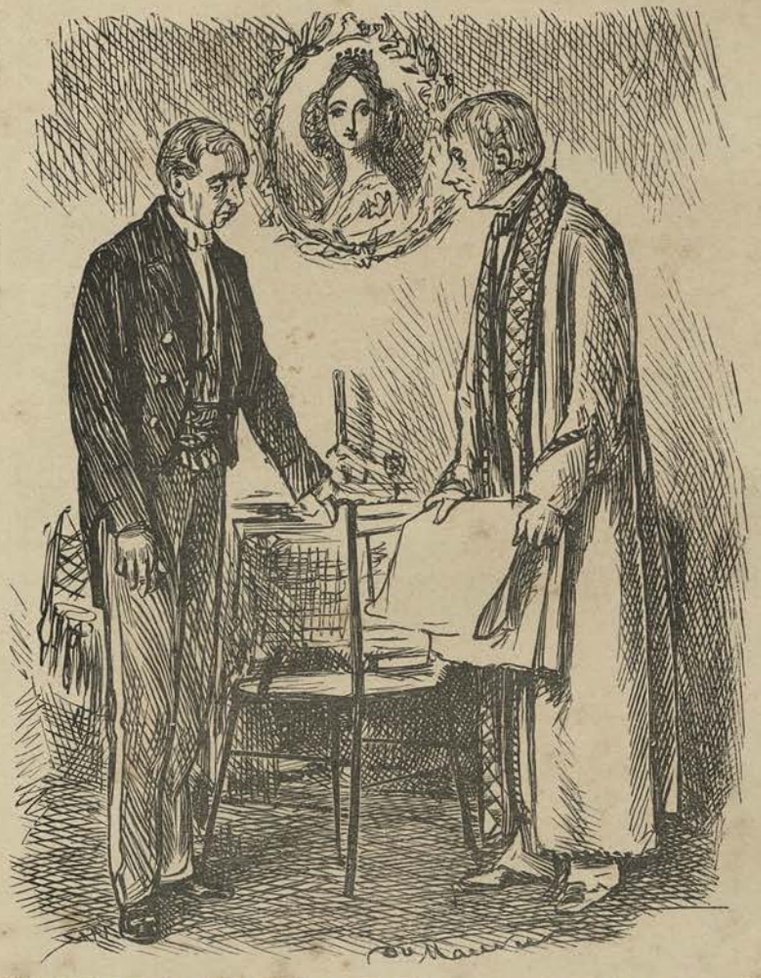
Gloomy and Dissipated Youth (who has discovered that Life is not worth having). "I HOPE I SHAN'T BE ALIVE AFTER *THIRTY!*"

Unsympathetic Elderly Party. "IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR NECESSITY THAT YOU SHOULD BE ALIVE *TILL* THIRTY?"



"FALSE SAILING."

Tar. "WHAT CHEER, MATE! YOU'D BETTER TAKE IN A REEF O' YOUR TAUP'SLE; OR I'M BLOWED IF YOU WON'T HAVE THE MASTS OUT O' YER."



"A FELLOW-FEELING MAKES US WONDROUS KIND."

"WHAT! GOING TO LEAVE US, JAMES?"
"YES, SIR, I'M VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT I REALLY CAN'T PUT UP WITH MISSUS ANY LONGER!" "AH, JAMES! THINK HOW LONG I'VE PUT UP WITH HER!"

THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS IN A HURRY TO GET TO THE STATION—
CAB HORSE JIBS MOST RESOLUTELY.

Old Gent. "NOW THEN, DRIVER WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Cabman. "OH, IT'S NOTHIN', SIR HE'S ON'Y A LEETLE TOO FRESH, SIR!"

"THE PROUD (POLICE-)MAN'S CONTUMELY."

Constable (to Old Wiggins, who has come down on a piece of Orange-peel and a slide). "THERE NOW, I 'OPES YOU'RE SATISFIED!—SERVES YOU JOLLY WELL RIGHT!—IF I CATCHES YOU A SLIDIN' ON THE PAVEMENT AGAIN, I'LL RUN YOU IN—SHARP!"

HIGHLY CONSIDERATE.

Little Smithkin (debonairly). "OBJECT TO SMOKING?"

North Briton. "NAE IN THE LEAST, IF IT DOES NA' MAK' YE SAC'!"

[*As Little S. said, he "cut the old Cad for the rest of the journey."*

A STRAIGHT TIP.

Spinster (Visitor). "*DEAR* OLD FELLOW! WHY, MORGAN, HE'S FRIENDS ALREADY!" *(Pause.)* "HE QUITE LOVES ME!"

Morgan. "LOR' BLESS YER 'ART, MISS, 'E KNOWS THE RIGHT SORT, 'E DOES! IF 'E C'UD SPEAK, 'E'D BE AFTER SAYING, 'REMEMBER ME AN' JIM'—(THAT'S ME, MISS)—'WHEN YER GOES AWAY.' *'E'S* ARTFUL, 'E IS—*VERY!*"

SUBTLE DISCRIMINATION.

Ethel (to Jack, who has been put into the Corner by the New Governess). "I'M SO SORRY FOR YOU, JACK!"

Jack. "BOSH! WHO CARES! THIS AIN'T A *REAL* CORNER, YOU KNOW!"

ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

First Undergraduate (reading out). "WILL *THIS* DO, GUS? 'MR. SMITH PRESENTS HIS COMPLIMENTS TO MR. JONES, AND FINDS HE HAS A CAP WHICH ISN'T MINE. SO, IF YOU HAVE A CAP WHICH ISN'T HIS, NO DOUBT THEY ARE THE ONES.'"! *Second Undergraduate.* "OH, YES—FIRST-RATE!"

CAUTION.

Prosperous Shoe Black. "YOU DON'T KETCH ME PUTTING MY MONEY INTO ANY O' THEM BANKS, I CAN TELL YER!"

A VULGAR SUBJECT.

Boys. "OH, AIN'T HE MOPS AND BROOMS, NEITHER!"
Baker. "WHY DON'T THEY TAKE HIM TO THE STATION?"
Tender Female. "HE'S ILL, POOR GENTLEMAN, HE SHOULD GO TO THE HOSPITAL!"
Cabby (contemptuously). "HILL! ORSEPITAL INDEED!—*I ON'Y WISH I'D GOT ARF HIS COMPLAINT!*"

SEASONABLE WEATHER—SO DELIGHTFUL!

Old Gent. "NOW, YOU BOYS! I WILL NOT HAVE—" *(Snowball!)*

ACCOMMODATING.

Old Crossing-Sweeper. "CHRISTMAS-BOX, YOUR 'ONOUR! I'M BLUE WID THE COULD!"

Benevolent but Hermetically Buttoned-up Old Gent. "BU', MY GOO' CREASH'RE, HOW THE DOOCE D'YOU S'POSE I'M—"

Old C.-S. "AH, DO, SIR, AND I'LL SING YE A LITTLE SONG WHILE YOUR 'ONOUR'S UNDRESSIN'!"

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SPORT!

Cockney Sportsman (eagar, but disappointed). "I SAY, MY BOY, SEEN ANY BIRDS THIS WAY?"

'Cute Rustic (likewise anxious to make a bag). "OH, A RARE LOT, GUV'NOR—A RARE LOT—JUST FLEW OVER THIS 'ERE 'EDGE, AND SETTLED IN THAT 'ERE FIELD, CLOSE TO SQUIRE BLANK'S RICKS."

[*Cockney Grateful Sportsman tips boy a shilling, and goes hopefully after . . . a flock of Starlings!*

FROM THE "OTHER SIDE."

"A—DO *YOU* PLAY, MISS VAN TROMP?"—"I GUESS NOT." "A—DO YOU SING?"—"WELL, NO, DUKE. I'VE BEEN TAUGHT NO *PARLOUR TRICKS!*"

TRUE LITERARY EXCLUSIVENESS.

"DON'T YOU ADMIRE ROBERT BROWNING AS A POET, MR. FITZSNOOK?"
"I USED TO, ONCE; BUT *EVERYBODY* ADMIRES HIM NOW, DON'TCHERKNOW—SO I'VE HAD TO GIVE HIM UP!"

A TOO FAIR ONE.

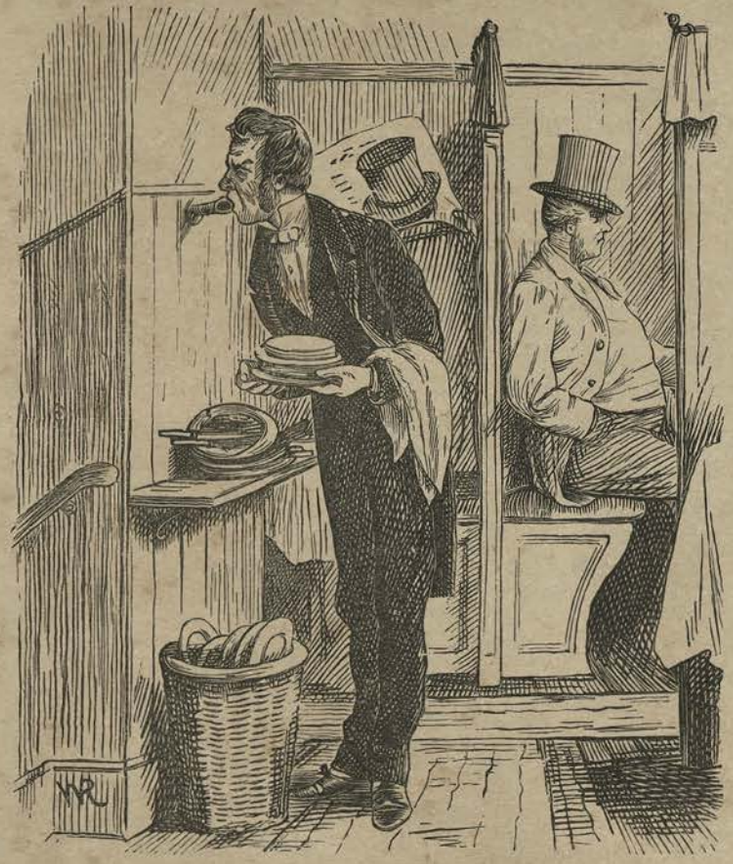
He. "I DECLARE, MISS ANGELINA, YOU TREAT ME WORSE THAN YOUR DOG!"

She. "OH, MR. DE MOGYNS, HOW CAN YOU SAY SO? I'M SURE I NEVER MAKE THE SLIGHTEST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU!"

"IN THE DIM AND DISTANT FUTURE."

First Sportsman (cantering along easily). "I SAY, WE SHALL SEE YOU AT DINNER ON THE NINETEENTH, SHAN'T WE?"

Second Ditto (whose Horse is very fresh, and bolting with him). "IF THE BEAST GOES ON LIKE THIS,—HANGED IF YOU'LL EVER SEE ME AGAIN."



FREAKS OF NATURE.

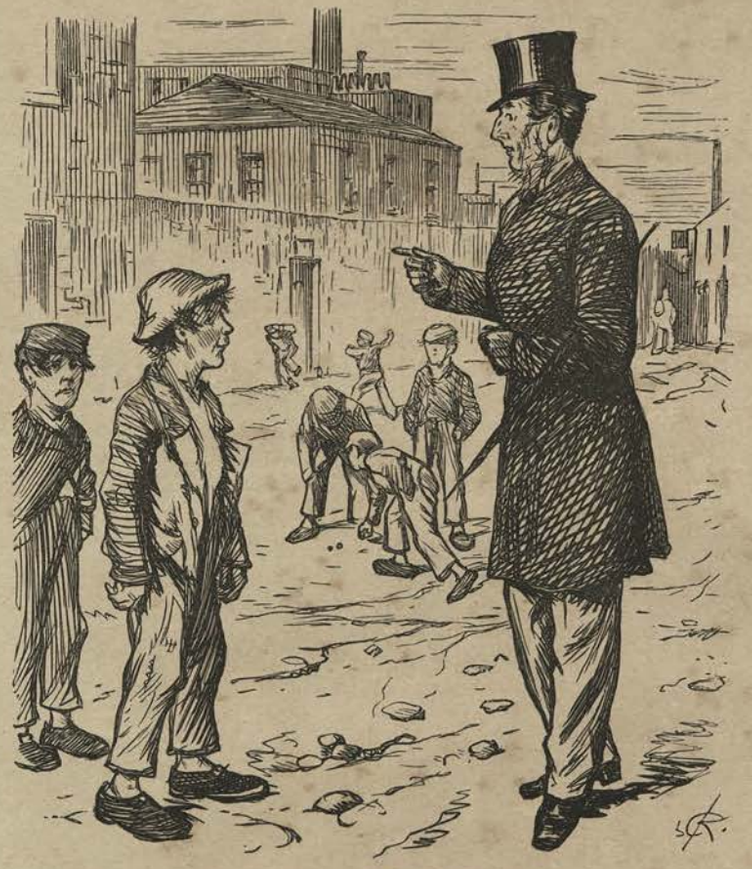
Waiter. "NOW, THEN, LOOK SHARP! HERE'S THAT MUTTON-CHOP A BILING WITH RAGE AT BEIN' KEP' WAITIN', AND A BEEFSTEAK GONE AWAY IN A TOWERING PASSION!"

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"NOW, THEN, SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WI' YOUR LARKIN'! I WOULDN'T CARE BUT—*RIGHT AFORE THE CUSTOMER'S WINDER!*"

LITTLE AND GOOD.

Gentleman. "WHO DO THESE PIGS BELONG TO, BOY?"
'Chaw.' "WHY, THIS 'ERE OWD ZOW."
Gentleman. "YES, YES; BUT I MEAN WHO'S THEIR MASTER?"
'Chaw.' "WHY, THAT THERE LITTLE 'UN; HE'S A VARMUN TO FOIGHT!"



"IS IT POS-SIBLE?!"

Swell (lecturing Juvenile Member of Manufacturing Centre). "YOU SHOULD ALWAYS—AH—TOUCH YOUR HAT TO A GENTLEMAN——"

Factory Lad. "PLEASE, SIR, I DIDN'T KNOW AS YER WAS ONE!!"

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Professional Poacher. "PRAPS YOU EIN'T AWEER, YOUNG GEN'LEMAN, THAT THIS HERE BIT O' WATER IS STRICKLY PERSERVED."

RATHER AWKWARD.

Eligible Young Bachelor (making call). "WELL, MASTER FRED, YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM."

Too Candid Young Hopeful. "OH, BUT I *DO*, THOUGH! YOU'RE THE CHAP MA' SAYS WOULD BE SUCH A GOOD CATCH FOR OUR MARY!" *[Tableau.*

CATCHING A TARTAR.

Flippant Cockney. "ARE THERE MANY FOOLS IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD, MY LAD?"

Nondescript. "NOT AS I KNOWS ON, ZUR! WHY, D'YER FEEL A BIT *LONESOME*, LOIKE?"

"EVERY EXCUSE."

Brigson (excited). "HULLO!—THERE GOES A——" *[Ups with his gun!*

His Host (clutching his arm). "GOOD HEAVENS!—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT THAT FOX?"

Brigson. "MY DEAR F'LLER! WH'-WH'-WHY NOT? THIS IS THE LAST DAY I SHALL HAVE THIS SEASON—AND I—I FEEL AS IF I COULD SHOOT MY OWN MOTHER-IN-LAW—IF SHE ROSE!"

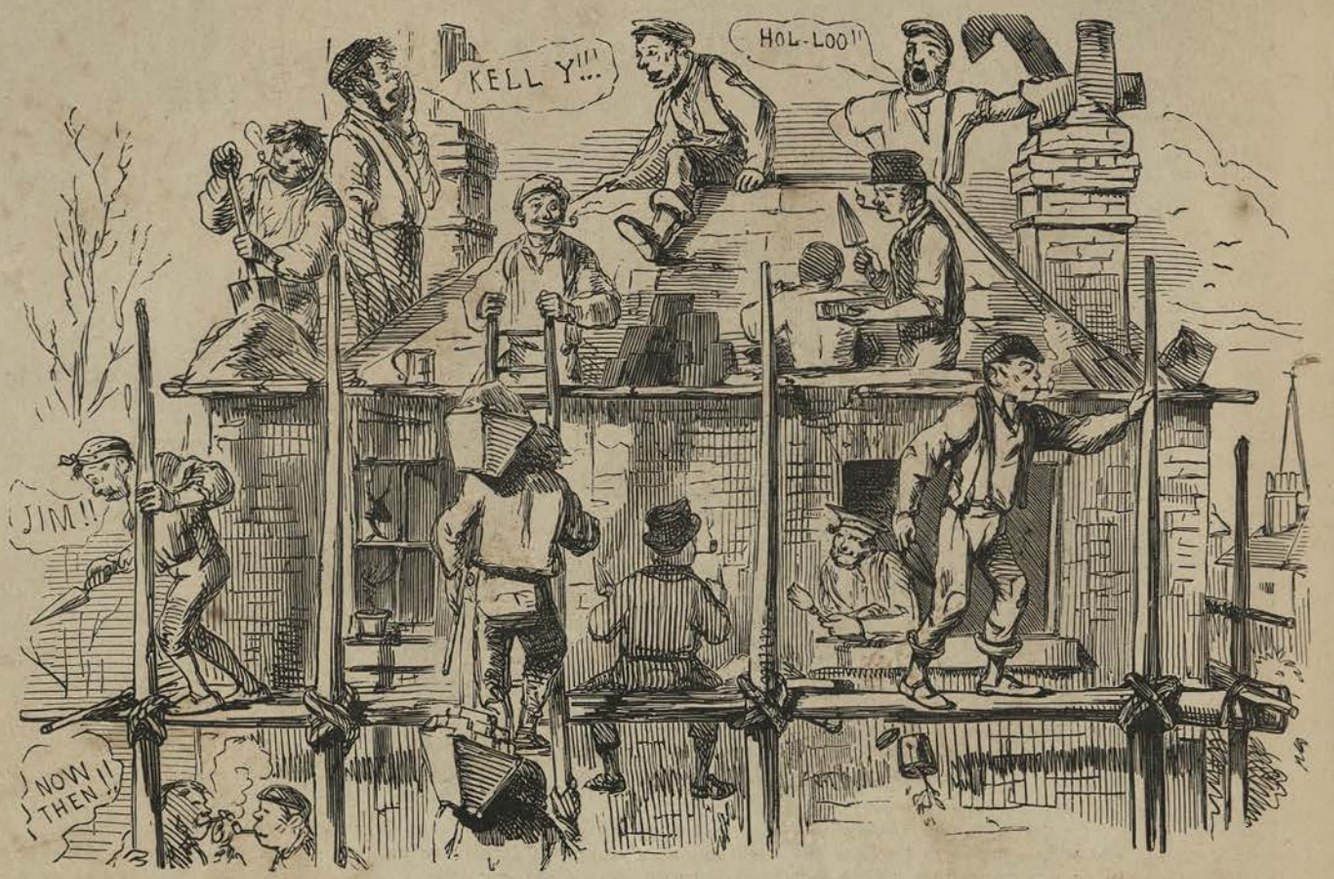
"BY AUTHORITY."

Street Boy (sternly). "P'LICE-SERGE'NT SAYS AS YOU'RE T' HAVE YOUR DOOR-WAY SWEP' IMMEDIAT'; AN' *(more meekly)* ME AN' MY MATE'S WILLIN' TO DO IT, S'!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

THE COOK SAYS THAT SHE THINKS THERE'S A SLATE LOOSE ON THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE, FOR THE WATER COMES INTO THE SERVANTS' BEDROOM. MR. BRIGGS REPLIES THAT THE SOONER IT IS PUT TO RIGHTS THE BETTER, BEFORE IT GOES ANY FURTHER—AND HE WILL SEE ABOUT IT.

MR. BRIGGS HAVING BEEN TOLD BY THE BUILDER THAT A "LITTLE COMPO" IS ALL THAT IS WANTED, THE FIRST STEP IS TAKEN TOWARDS MAKING THINGS COMFORTABLE.



NO TIME HAS BEEN LOST. MR. BRIGGS FINDS, ON GETTING OUT OF BED AT FIVE A.M. THAT THE WORKPEOPLE HAVE ALREADY COMMENCED PUTTING THE ROOF TO RIGHTS.

JUST TO SHOW HOW ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER—MR. BRIGGS (WHO HAS COME OUT ON THE LEADS WHILE THE MEN ARE GONE TO DINNER) IS SHOWN BY THE BUILDER HOW IT WOULD BE THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD TO "THROW" HIS PASSAGE INTO HIS DINING ROOM, AND BUILD A NEW ENTRANCE HALL WITH A SLIGHT CONSERVATORY OVER IT.—TO THE RIGHT OF THE CARTOON IS MRS. BRIGGS (!) WHO THINKS MR. B. HAS TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS SENSES.

TABLEAU, REPRESENTING FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS IN MR. BRIGGS'S HOUSE—DESTRUCTION OF THE WALL WHICH SEPARATES THE PARLOUR FROM THE PASSAGE.

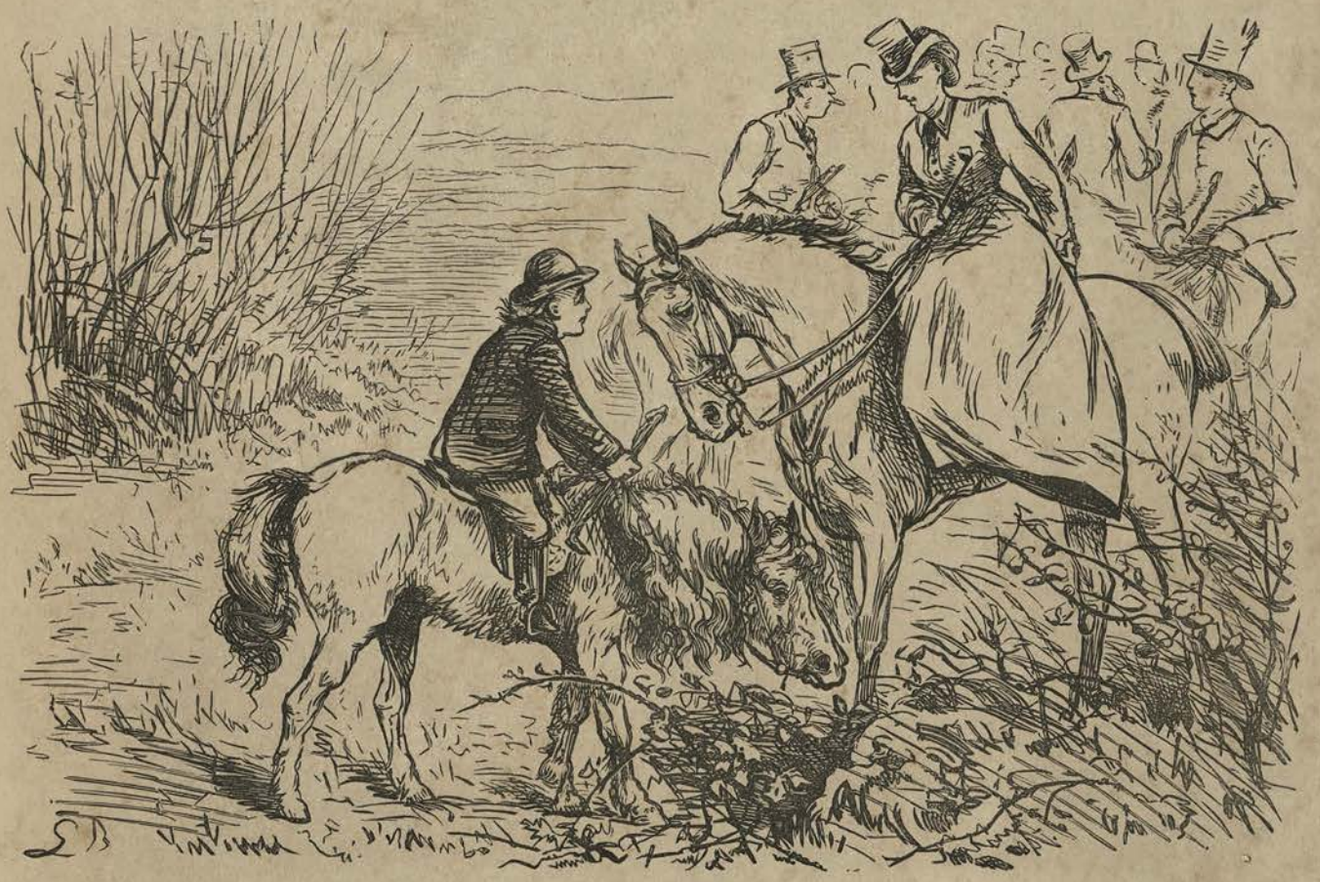
Scene—Principal Barricade at Mr. Briggs's House.

OWING TO THE INCOMPLETE STATE OF THE ALTERATIONS, MR. ERIGGS IS OBLIGED TO ENTER HIS HOUSE THROUGH THE PARLOUR WINDOW. THE POLICE-MAN MISTAKES HIM FOR A BURGLAR, AND ACTS ACCORDINGLY. IN MR. BRIGGS'S HAND MAY BE OBSERVED A FINE LOBSTER, WHICH HE HAS BROUGHT HOME TO CONCILIATE MRS. B.

THE GATES HAVE JUST BEEN THOROUGHLY CLEANED, AND FRESH PAINTED. ON HIS RETURN FROM THE CITY, MR. BRIGGS FINDS THAT RUDE BOYS (TOTALLY REGARDLESS OF HIS FEELINGS) HAVE BEEN FARTHER DECORATING THEM.

A DILEMMA.

"NOW IF I JUMP IT, I SHALL CERTAINLY FALL OFF; AND IF I DISMOUNT TO OPEN IT, I SHALL NEVER GET ON AGAIN."



YOUNG NIMROD.

Aunt. "WELL, CHARLIE, YOU'LL COME WITH YOUR SISTERS, AND SPEND THE DAY ON MONDAY, WON'T YOU?"
Charlie. "NOT ON MONDAY, AUNT KITTY. I NEVER DINE OUT ON A HUNTING DAY."

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.

Elder of Twins. "IT'S *VERY* VULGAR TO SAY 'YOU BE *BLOWED*' TO EACH OTHER, LIKE THOSE MEN DO. ISN'T IT, UNCLE FRED?"

Uncle Fred. "I BELIEVE IT *IS* GENERALLY CONSIDERED SO, MY DEAR!"

Elder of Twins. "YES, INDEED! ETHEL AND I, YOU KNOW, *WE* ALWAYS SAY, 'YOU BE *BLOWN!*'"

DEAR OLD DONKEY!

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO OBSTINATE! THERE'S THIS OLD PARTY WHO DINES AT THE *TABLE-D'HÔTE* AT THE "BELGRAVIA"—HE WILL INSIST ON OPENING HIS OWN SELTZER WATER, AND GIVES US A SHOWER-BATH ALL ROUND!

"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS."

Perplexed Old Lady (at Scotch Junction in a Fog). "AH HAE MA BUNDLE—AN' AH HAE MA TEECK'T—BUT FA'S THE DEE-SIDE REL-RO'D!!"

SHARP, RATHER!

Boy. "TWO 'A'P'NY 'ERRINS."

Boy. "WELL, IF Y'A' GOT 'EM!"

Shopkeeper (severely). "IF WHAT, SIR? IF YOU—WHAT, SIR?"

AWFUL!

First Punch and Judy Man (to invalid ditto). "HULLO, BILL, COULDN'T THINK WHAT 'AD BECOME O' YER. RETIRED FROM BUSINESS? WHERE 'A YER BEEN? WHY! YOU DON'T LOOK WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YER?"

Invalid Punch and Judy Man (in a whistling whisper). "BEEN LAID UP, JOE, WERY QUEER, GOT OVER IT NOW, THOUGH."

First Punch and Judy Man. "WHAT, HAVE YOU 'AD A COLD?"

Invalid. "WUSS, 'AD A HACCIDENT. SWALLERED THE CALL!!"

OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Grapes (helping himself to another glass of that fine old Madeira). "HAH! WE LIVE IN STRANGE TIMES—WHAT THE DOOCE CAN PEOPLE WANT WITH DRINKING FOUNTAINS!"

A "WARM CORNER" FOR JONES.

Jones. "I SAY, BROWN! HANG IT, YER KNOW! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY HEAD OFF THAT TIME!"
Brown (who has bagged Jones's bird into the bargain). "WHY DIDN'T YOU *DUCK*, YOU FOOL?"

EGGS-ASPERATING!

George (about to enjoy the first new-laid Egg from the recently set-up Fowl-house). "WHY—CONF——THEY'VE BOILED THE PORCELAIN NEST-EGG!"

"TOO BAD!"

The New Cook. "WELL, I DECLARE! HERE I'VE BEEN AND GIVE' SIX GUINEAS FOR A NEW DRESS TO KEEP UP THE R'SPECTABILITY OF THE 'OUSE, AND HERE'S MISSIS, IN A DOWDY THIRTY SHILLIN' 'ULSTRER,' A-COMIN' FROM THAT THERE 'LADIES' CO-OPERATIVE ECONOMICAL MILLINGERY ASSOCIATION'!"

HUNTING PUZZLE.

WHAT'S HE TO DO?

"EXCLUSIVE DEALING."

Irish Landlord (boycotted). "PAT, MY MAN, I'M IN NO END OF A HURRY. PUT THE PONY TO, AND DRIVE ME TO THE STATION, AND I'LL GIVE YE HALF A SOVEREIGN!"

Pat (Nationalist, but needy). "OOH SHURE, IT'S MORE THAN ME LOIFE IS WORTH TO BE SEEN DROIVING *YOU*, YER HONOUR. BUT"—*(slily)*—"IF YER HONOUR WOULD JIST DROIVE *ME*, MAYBE IT'S MESELF THAT MOIGHT VENTURE IT!"

A POTENTIAL SON-IN-LAW.

Anxious Mother of Many Daughters. "PAPA DEAR, *DO* GET MRS. LYON HUNTER TO INTRODUCE YOU TO HIS HIGHNESS; YOU MIGHT THEN ASK HIM TO CALL, YOU KNOW."

Papa Dear. "WHAT FOR?"

Anxious Mother. "WELL, MY LOVE,—YOU KNOW THE CUSTOM OF HIS COUNTRY!—HE MIGHT TAKE A FANCY TO SEVERAL OF THE GIRLS AT ONCE!"

ONE MAY HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Bob Longley (with modest fervour). "O, JACK! O FOR A WOMAN'S LOVE! O FOR A TRUE-HEARTED WOMAN ONCE, *ONCE* IN ONE'S LIFE, TO THROW HER ARMS ROUND ONE'S NECK, AND TELL ONE SHE LOVES ONE!"

Little Jack Horner. "AH! IF YOU'D HAD AS MUCH OF THAT KIND OF THING AS *I* HAVE, OLD MAN, YOU'D BE PRECIOUS TIRED OF THE WHOLE CONCERN!"

AN UNREGENERATE YOUTH.

The New Governess (impressively). "O, TOMMY, WHEN *I* WAS A LITTLE GIRL, AND MADE A BLOT ON MY COPY-BOOK, I USED TO *CRY*."

Tommy (earnestly). "WHAT! *REALLY?*"

New Governess (still more impressively). "YES—REALLY *CRY!*"

Tommy (still more earnestly). "WHAT AN AWFUL LITTLE DUFFER YOU MUST HAVE BEEN!"

SHARP'S THE WORD.

Nice Old Gent (loquitur). "UM! I'LL TAKE SOME HARICOT MUTTON, AND—ER —HAVE YOU ANY ASPARA——"

Waiter (like thunder). "'ARICO AN' 'GRASS!"

THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

Riding-Master (to Sub-Lieutenant, who has come a Cropper). "NOW, THEN, SIR! WHO TOLD YOU TO DISMOUNT?"!

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Foxhunter. "HERE'S A BORE, JACK! THE GROUND IS HALF A FOOT THICK WITH SNOW, AND IT'S FREEZING LIKE MAD!"

DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT.

Hunting Man (to town friend, arrived on a visit). "LOOK, OLD FELLOW! THAT'S THE MARE I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ON TO-MORROW. SHE'S QUITE FRESH, YOU SEE; HAD TWO OF MY MEN OFF YESTERDAY, AT EXERCISE!"

HUNTING SKETCH.

THE CAST SHOE, OR LATE FOR THE MEAT.

AFTER THE PARTY.

Elderly Coquette. "AND I'M SURE YOU NAUGHTY GIRLS SAT UP EVER SO LATE, TALKING US OVER! HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE HID MYSELF BEHIND A SCREEN AND HEARD IT ALL!"

Horrid Boy. "*NO, YOU WOULDN'T!*"

INNOCENT ENJOYMENT.

Citizen. "'DID A GOOD STHROKE O' BITHNETH YETHTERDAY, MO'! THO I TREATED THE MITHITH TO THE MOOTHIC-HALL LATHT NIGHT—'STHOOD HER A BOTTLE O' THOEDONE, AND SHE THOUGHT IT WAS THAMPAGNE!—'TOOK IT DOWN BEAUTIFUL!"

AN UNTIMELY EXPOSÉ.

He would cull for her the first Primrose of the year, in memory of their early loves.

She. "HECTOR! HECTOR! DON'T STOOP! HERE ARE THE DE LARKINSES COMING UP THE GARDEN!"

[It was the nearest match we had in Tweeds!

AN ALARMING INTRUDER.

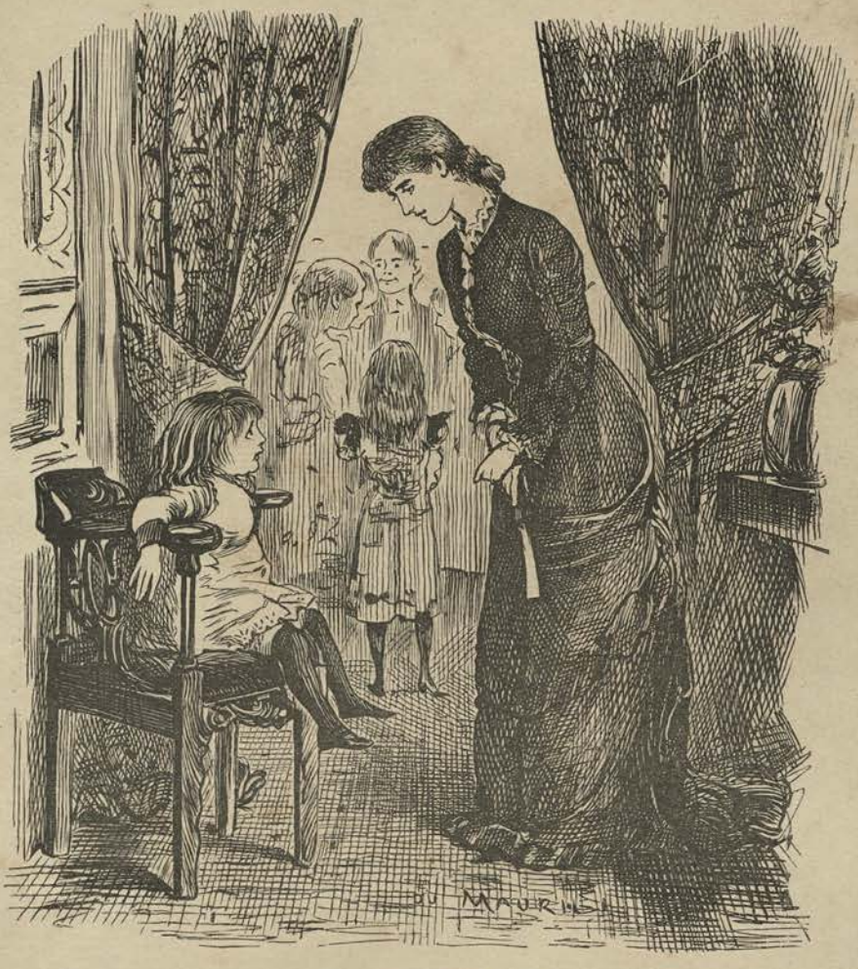
Little Boldwig (he had been dining with his Company, and had let himself in with his latch-key—to Gigantic Stranger he finds in his hall). "COME ON. I'LL FIGHT YOU!" *(Furiously.)* "PUT YOUR SHTICK DOWN!!"

[But his imaginary foe was only the new Umbrella-Stand—a present from Mrs. B.!

THE RULING PASSION STRONG AT DINNER.

Laconic Waiter (thoroughly familiar with Sporting Major's taste in Champagne). "SEVENTY-FOUR, SIR?"

Sporting Major (down on his luck, after a bad week at Newmarket). "'SEVEN-TO-FOUR, SIR!' DASH IT! WOULDN'T TAKE TEN TO ONE ABOUT ANYTHING!"



IN POSSESSION.

Lady (who wants to sit down). "WILL YOU SIT IN MY LAP, DARLING?"

Darling. "SANK YOU—I'VE DOT A CHAIR!"

THE DISAPPOINTED ONE.

Lover. "WHAT A BORE! JUST AS I WAS GOING TO POP THE QUESTION TO JENNY JONES, HERE'S MY NURSE COME FOR ME!"

LATE FROM THE NURSERY.

Governess. "NOW, FRANK, YOU MUST PUT YOUR DRUM DOWN, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS."

Frank. "OH, DO LET ME WEAR IT, PLEASE; *I'LL POMISE NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.*"

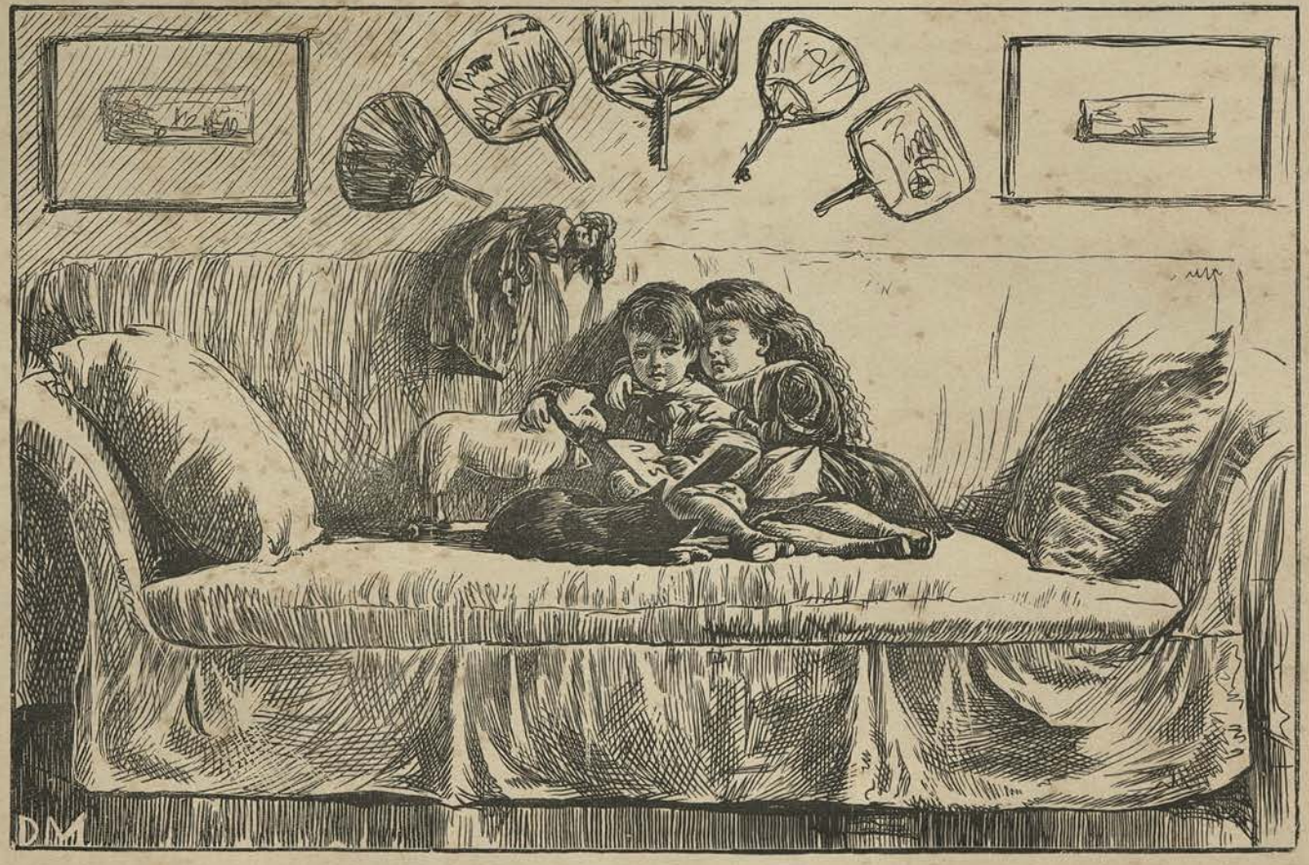
AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Basso. "YES; I'VE JUST BOUGHT A CAPITAL ESTATE IN SURREY. JOIN OUR PARTY? SHOOTING OVER A THOUSAND ACRES!"

Flute (modestly). "A THOUSAND ACRES? OH, I SHOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO HIT AT *THAT* DISTANCE!"

DETECTED.

First Violin (after the Quartette in C Major—unsatisfactory somehow). "HULLO!—HARK!—THERE—I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG! THIS CONFOUNDED TEA-KETTLE'S BEEN SINGING B FLAT ALL THE TIME!"



"READING WITHOUT TEARS."

Teacher. "AND WHAT COMES AFTER S, JACK?"
Pupil. "T!"

Teacher. "AND WHAT COMES AFTER T?"
Pupil. "FOR ALL THAT WE HAVE RECEIVED," &c., &c.

INTERESTING DEVOTEES.

Theresa. "NO, CHARLES—NEVER! I HAVE LONG DETERMINED TO DEVOTE MY LIFE TO CHARITY; IN FACT, TO BECOME A SISTER IN AN ANGLICAN NUNNERY."

Charles. "WELL, IF YOU DO, I'LL BURY MYSELF FOR THE REST OF MY MISERABLE DAYS IN A—IN A—A MONKERY!"

"A WISE SAW AND MODERN INSTANCE!"

Irate Parent (self-made Man, who has been setting forth to his Eldest Son the advantages of a Commercial career). "'HINFRA DIG.!' D'YE SAY? YER PERT YOUNG PUPPY! IT WAS 'HINFRA PENNY' 'HINFRA POUND' WHEN I BEGAN LIFE!"

"HAMLET" À LA SAUCE DUMB-CRAMBO.

"OH, THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT!"—*Act i., Sc. 2.*

"I COULD A TAIL UNFOLD."—*Ibid.*

"WHAT A FALLING OFF WAS THERE!"—*Ibid.*

"METHINKS I SCENT THE MORNING HAIR!"—*Ibid.*

"BRIEF LET ME BE!"—*Ibid.*

"LEND THY SERIOUS EAR-RING TO WHAT I SHALL UNFOLD!"—*Act i., Sc. 5.*

"TOBY, OR NOT TOBY? THAT IS THE QUESTION."—*Act ii., Sc. 2.*

"THE KING, SIR."—"AY, SIR, WHAT OF HIM?"—"IS IN HIS RETIREMENT MARVELLOUS DISTEMPERED."—"WITH DRINK, SIR?"—"NO, MY LORD, RATHER WITH COLLAR!"—*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

"OH, MY OFFENCE IS RANK!"—*Act iii., Sc. 3.*

"PUT YOUR BONNET TO HIS RIGHT USE—'TIS FOR THE HEAD."—*Act v., Sc. 2.*

IMPUDENCE.

"NOW, LOBSTER! KEEP THE POT A-BILING!"

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Gent. "WAITER! CHOP AND A PINT OF STOUT; AND LOOK SHARP."

Waiter. "OH, YES! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY LOOK SHARP."

IRISH HOUSEKEEPING.

Bachelor. "MARY, I SHOULD LIKE THAT PIECE OF BACON I LEFT AT DINNER YESTERDAY."
Irish Servant. "IS IT THE BIT O' BHACON THIN? SHURE I TOOK IT TO LOIGHT THE FHOIRES!"

PROVOKING!

"THAT'S IT, GUV'NER! *GO* IT!! GIVE IT 'IM!!! YER HOUR'LL SOON BE UP!!!!"

"THE UNSEEN WORLD."

Scientific Gent (with his hair on end). "VE'Y STRANGE! BUT I COULD ALMOST SWEAR—I HEAR FOO'STEPS—FOLLOWINMEDOWNSTA!RS——!"

[Bolts into his bedroom, locks the door, and writes to the "Athenæum" next day.

"MATTER!"

Portly Old Swell (on reading Professor Tyndall's Speech). "DEAR ME! IS IT POSS'BLE! MOST 'XTR'ORD'NARY!—*(throws down the Review)*—THAT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ORIGINALLY A 'PRIMORDIAL ATOMIC GLOBULE'!!"

"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."

WHEN HIS DENTIST *WILL* SUSPEND OPERATIONS TO TELL HIM FUNNY STORIES.

JUST THE VERY THING!

Young and Non-Sporting Wife (who has driven to her First Meet). "OH, CHARLIE, *TINY* IS *WILD* WITH EXCITEMENT! COULDN'T YOU TAKE HER WITH YOU? SHE WOULD *SO* ENJOY A RUN WITH THE OTHER DOGS!" !!!

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

The Principal (from the City, through the Telephone, to the Foreman at the "Works.") "HOW DO YOU GET ON, PAT?"

Irish Foreman (in great awe of the instrument). "VERY WELL, SIR. THE GOODS IS SENT OFF."

The Principal (knowing Pat's failing). "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DRINK THERE?"

Pat (startled). "OCH! LOOK AT THAT NOW! IT'S ME BREATH THAT DONE IT!"

THE SOCIABLE.

"WE FELL OUT, MY WIFE AND I!"

(With Mr. Punch's apologies to the late Laureate.)

CAVE CANEM!

Effie. "AREN'T YOU AFRAID MY BIG DOG 'LL EAT YOU?"

Stranger. "HE WOULDN'T MAKE MUCH OF A MEAL OFF *ME*, MY DEAR!"

Effie. "MY BIG DOG LIKES *BONES!*"

PARRIED.

Facetious Parson (to Parishioner, who is not believed to be a rigid Abstainer). "AH, MR. BROWN! FOOLS STAND IN SLIPPERY PLACES, I'VE HEARD!"

Mr. Brown (the footpath was in a frightful state). "SO I SEE, SIR; BUT I'M BLEST IF I CAN!"

A THRIFTY MIND.

Hungry Visitor (ignorant of the nature of this particular delicacy). "AH, DONAL, MON, WE KEN WEEL HEV THE RAWBIT FOR SAXPENCE. WE KEN GET TWA BAWBEES FUR THE SKEEN WHEN WE GET BOCK TO GLASGOW!"

A COMMON-SENSE VIEW.

Depressed Liberal. "BU' DON' YER SEE GLA'SHON WAS GOIN' TO 'BOLISH TH' INCOME-TAXSH?"
Jocund Tory. "O, BOTHER THE TAX! LETSH 'AVE THE INCOME FUST!!"

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE (IN RESULT).

"HULLO, JIM, WHATEVER MADE YOU COME OFF?"—"WHY, THE BRUTE BUCKED!"—"BUCKED! NONSENSE, MAN, SHE ONLY COUGHED!"

REMARKABLE CASE OF TABLE-TALKING.

Table (loquitur). "DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, MUM—I'M NOT MAHOGANY, BUT I'M VENEERED AND SECOND-HAND."

[*Table dances about on its legs for a considerable time, and vanishes in a blue flame.*

ALARMING.

Hairdresser. "THEY SAY, SIR, THE CHOLERA'S IN THE *H*AIR, SIR!"

Gent. (very uneasy). "INDEED! AHEM! THEN I HOPE YOU ARE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE BRUSHES YOU USE."

Hairdresser. "OH! I SEE YOU DON'T *H*UNDERSTAND ME, SIR. I DON'T MEAN THE 'AIR OF THE 'ED, BUT THE *H*AIR *H*OF THE *H*ATMOSPHERE!"

AT THE SESSIONS.

Counsel. "DO YOU KNOW THE NATURE OF AN OATH, MY GOOD WOMAN?"

Witness (with a black eye). "I DID OUGHT TO, SIR! WHICH MY 'USBAN' 'S A COVIN' GARDEN PORTER, SIR!"

"SOMETHING WRONG!"

Wife (in a Bar's rest). "JOAHN! YE'RE A BAUR AHINT!!"

"VAPID VEGETABLE LOVES."—*"The Talking Oak."*

Scene—Tea-Room at Fancy Ball.

Uncle John (who is chaperoning his Niece). "WHAT *ARE* YOU, MY DEAR?"

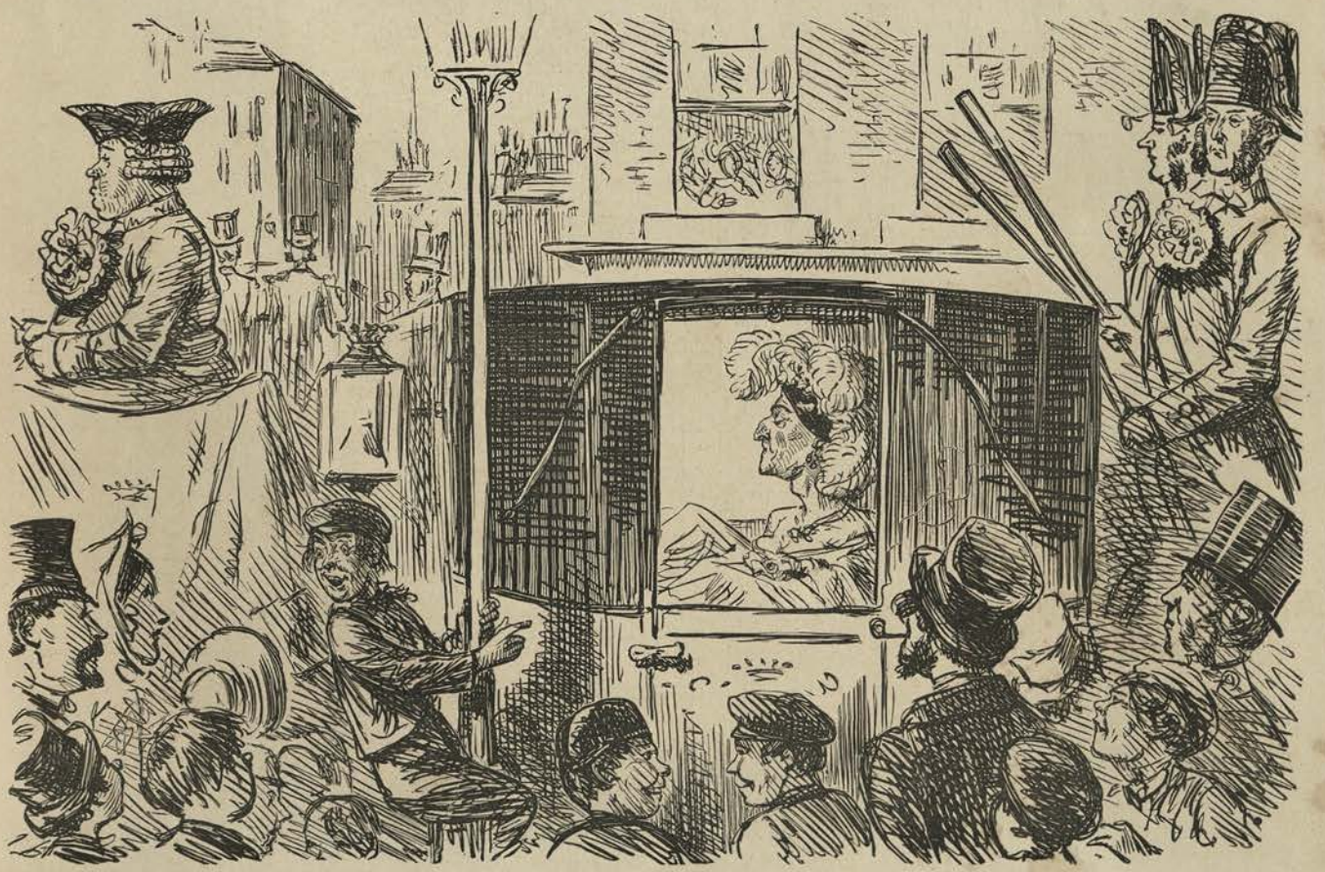
Pretty Niece. "OH! I AM A *SALAD*, UNCLE JOHN! SEE, THERE'S ENDIVE, AND LETTUCE, AND SPRING ONIONS, AND RADISHES, AND BEETROOT. NOTHING WANTING, *IS* THERE?"

Uncle John. "H'M!—AH!—PERHAPS A LITTLE MORE *DRESSING*, MY DEAR!"

EMPHATIC.

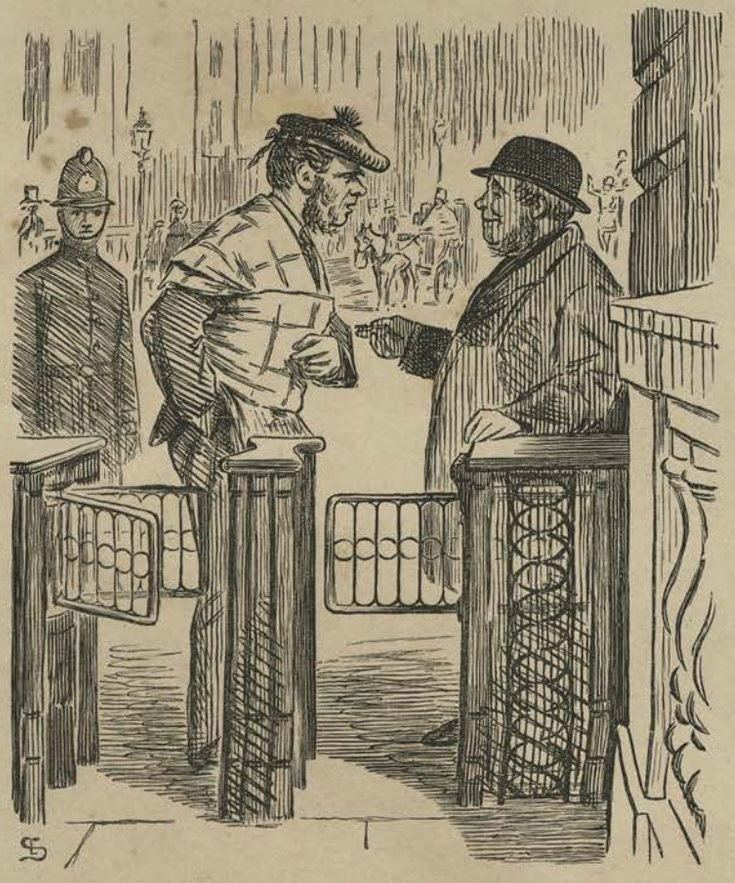
Boy (to Nurse). "WHAT DID YOU SAY 'MADE HER ILL'?"

Nurse. "'ARK AT YOU, HALFRED! I DIDN'T SAY, 'MADE 'ER HILL'; I SAID, SHE LIVED AT MAIDA 'ILL!!'"



THE DRAWING ROOM.

Dreadful Boy (on Lamp Post). "OH! MY EYE, BILL! 'ERE'S A ROSE-BUD!"



"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GAINED."

Scotch Excursionist. "YE DINNA CHARGE A BAWBEE AT A' THE BRIGS IN TOON—DI YE?"

Toll-Keeper. "OH, NO—BLACKFRIARS AND LONDON BRIDGE ARE FREE."

Scotch Excursionist (repocketing coin). "E—EH THEN, WUD YE BE KIND ENEUCH JUST TO DIRECT ME TO LUNNON BRIDGE?!"

"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN!"

Volunteer Captain (bumptiously). "OFFICER'S TICKET!"

Considerate Clerk. "GOVER'MENT TARIFF'S HIGH ON THIS LINE, SIR. YOU'D BETTER GO AS A GENTLEMAN! CHEAPER!"

[The Captain is shocked, loses his presence of mind, and takes advantage of the suggestion.

DINING OUT IN A HUNTING NEIGHBOURHOOD.

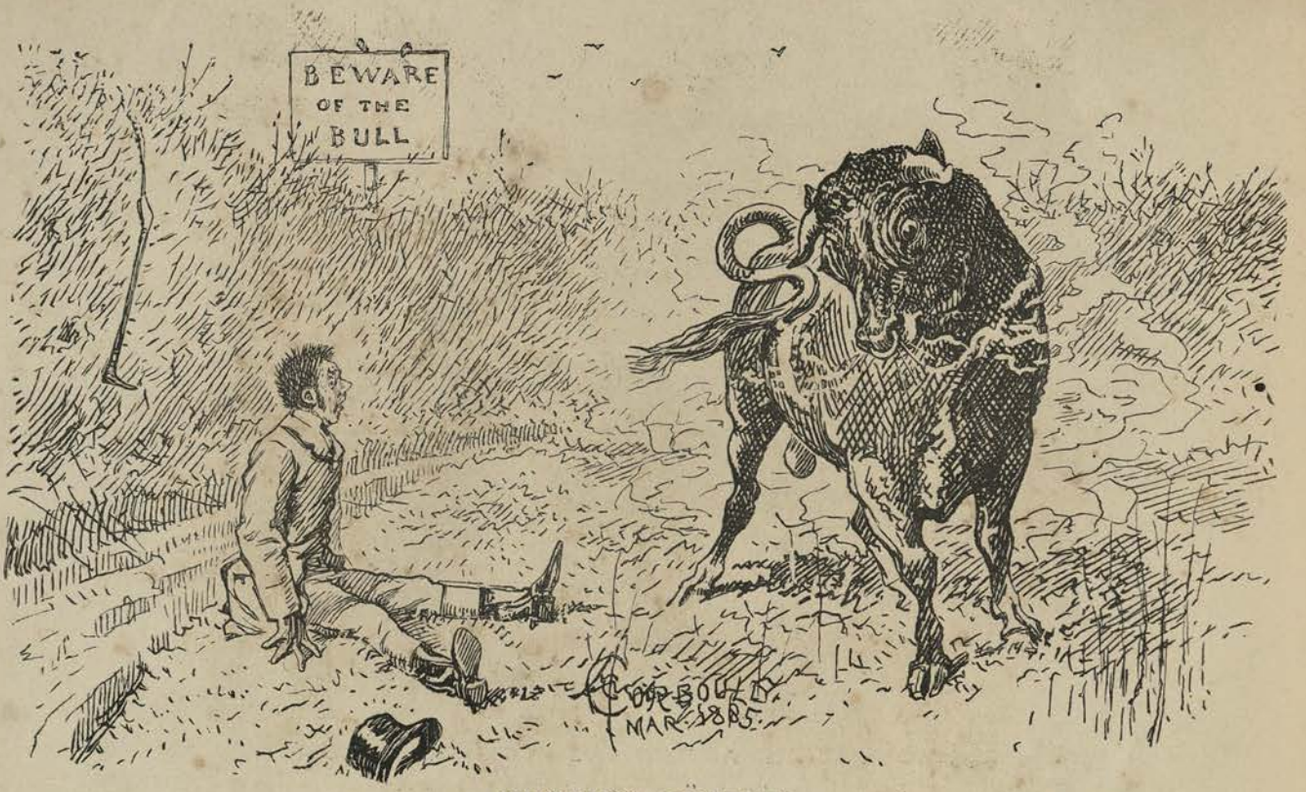
First Foxhunter. "THAT WAS A FINE 40 MINUTES YESTERDAY?"

Second Ditto. "YES; DIDN'T SEEM SO LONG, EITHER!"

[Curate is puzzled, and wonders—do they allude to his lecture in the School-room?

AN ADVOCATE FOR PROGRESS.

Cabby. "WHY, SIR, IT AIN'T O' NO USE STOPPING, BECAUSE THE LONGER WE STAYS, THE WORSE WE'LL GET IT!"



HUNTING PUZZLE.

WHAT WILL HE DO? QUITE A TOSS-UP

JUST OFF!

"RIDE HER ON THE SNAFFLE, TOM! DON'T RIDE HER ON THE CURB!"

"HANG YOUR CURB AND SNAFFLE! I'VE ENOUGH TO DO TO *RIDE HER ON THE SADDLE!*"

WHAT A QUESTION TO ASK!

Miss Margaret. "DITES-MOI, THÉOPHILE, CONNAISSEZ-VOUS PARIS?"
Monsieur Théophile. "SI JE CONNAIS PARIS!!!!!!"

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

Jones. CON-FOUND IT ALL! SOMEBODY'S TAKEN *MY* HAT, AND LEFT THIS FILTHY, BEASTLY, SHABBY OLD THING INSTEAD!"
Brown. "A—I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT *THAT* HAPPENS TO BE *MY* HAT!"

CLEARING A DIFFICULTY.

Irascible Traveller. "I SAY, BOOTS, I WANT TO CATCH THE 4·15 TRAIN. BRING ME A CAB."

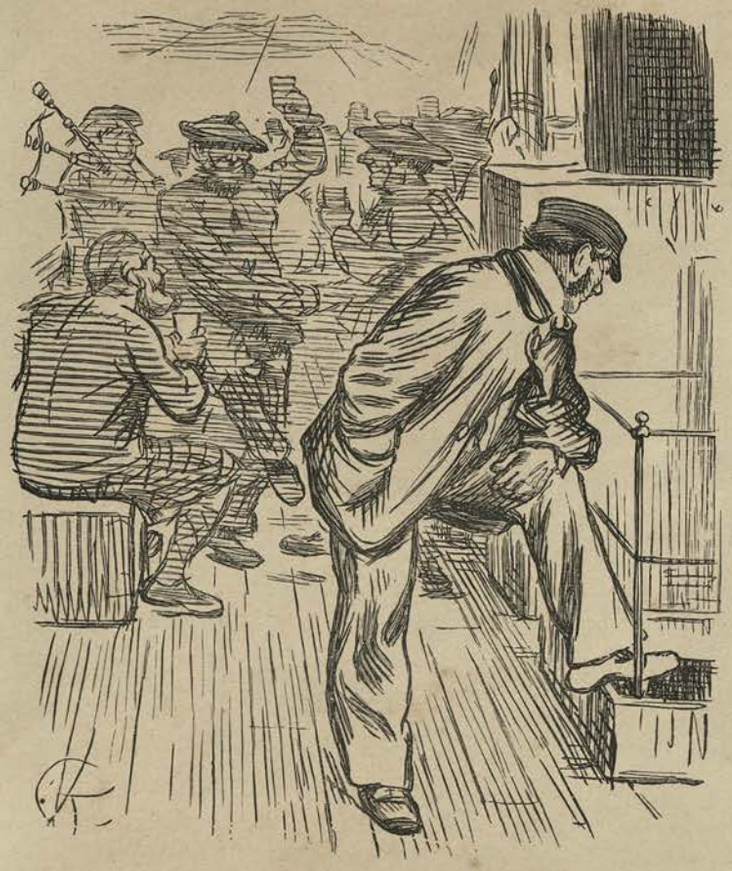
Boots. "YOU'RE TOO LATE, SIR. A CAB COULDN'T DO IT."

Irascible Traveller. "CON-FOUND YOU! BRING TWO CABS, THEN!"

DE MORTUIS.

Sympathetic Young Mother. "A' WUNNER YE COULD BE SAE CRUEL AS TAE KILL THAT BONNIE WEE CAUF!"

Practical Butcher. "WEEL, YE SEE, YE'LL NO EAT THEM LEEVIN'!"



LOCAL OPTION.

Captain of Clyde Steamer (to Stoker, as they sighted their Port). "SLACK AWEE, DONAL', SLACK AWEE"—*(he was interested in the Liquors sold)*—"THEY'RE DRENCKEN HAURD YENOO!!"

"THE HARP IN THE AIR."

Irish Gentleman (who has vainly endeavoured to execute a Jig to the fitful Music of the Telegraph Wires). "SHURE! WHOIVER Y'ARE YE CAN'T PLAY A BIT! HOW CAN A JINTLEMAN DANCE—*(hic!)*—IV YE DON'T KAPE THIME?"!!

THE PREVAILING TOPIC!

Stumpson (in answer to Talboys' greeting). "OH, ALL RIGHT, 'F 'TWASN'T FOR THESE EAST WINDS——"

Talboys (who's a little hard of hearing). "TWINS! MY DEAR FELLOW, I CONGRATULATE YOU, I'M SURE. I'D REALLY NO IDEA YOU WERE——AND HOW ARE THEY—ALL THREE?—I HOPE——"

Stumpson (testily—large family already). "I DIDN'T SAY THESE TWINS"—*(shouting)*—"I SAID THE *EAST WINDS!!*"

SO SIMPLE!

Sylvanus. "FOXES ARE SCARCE IN MY COUNTRY: BUT WE MANAGE IT WITH A DRAG NOW AND THEN!"

Urbanus. "OH—ER—YES. BUT HOW DO YOU GET IT OVER THE FENCES?"

TROP DE ZÈLE.

Jones (who is canvassing the Borough). "OH, WHAT A *VERY* CHARMING BABY! I'VE *ALWAYS* TAKEN *SUCH* AN INTEREST IN VERY YOUNG CHILDREN. A—HOW OLD IS IT?"

Elector's Wife (with pride). "ONLY JUST FOURTEEN WEEKS, SIR!" *Jones.* "REALLY! A—AND IS IT YOUR *YOUNGEST?*"

"NAE THAT FOU!"

Country Gentleman (who thought he'd got such a treasure of a new Gardener). "TUT, TUT, TUT! BLESS MY SOUL, SAUNDERS! HOW—WHAT'S ALL THIS? DISGRACEFULLY INTOXICATED AT THIS HOUR OF THE MORNING! AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"

Saunders. "'SH-HAMED! *(Hic.)* NA, NA, 'M NAE SAE DRUNK AS THAT COMES T'! AH KEN VARRA WEEL WHAT A'M ABOOT!!"

A DISENCHANTMENT.

Very Unsophisticated Old Lady (from the extremely remote country). "*DEAR* ME! HE'S A *VERY* DIFFERENT-LOOKING PERSON FROM WHAT I HAD ALWAYS IMAGINED!"

VERY LIKELY.

Effie (to pretty Nursemaid). "OH, MARTHA, DID YOU SEE? THAT POLICEMAN WINKED HIS EYE AT ME!"

LIFE IN LONDON.

Isabella. "WELL, AUNT, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE LONDON? I SUPPOSE YOU WERE VERY GAY?"

Aunt (who inclines to embonpoint). "OH, YES, LOVE, GAY ENOUGH! WE WENT TO THE TOP O' THE MONUMENT O' MONDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' ST. PAUL'S O' TUESDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' THE DOOK O' YORK'S COLUMN O' WEDNESDAY—BUT I THINK ALTOGETHER I LIKE THE QUIET OF THE COUNTRY."

"TOO BAD, THOUGH."

Cad to Omnibus running from the "Mother Shipton" to the Bank. "'MOTHER SHIPTON,' MUM? YES, ALL RIGHT, MUM. DON'T YOU 'URRY, MUM. *(Aside to Driver.)* THE WERY OLD LADY 'ERSELF, I DO B'LIEVE, JEM!'

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

Nurse. "I *CAN NOT* ALLOW BUTTER AND JAM, TOO, ON YOUR BREAD, MASTER ALFRED. IT IS VERY EXTRAVAGANT."

Master Alfred. "IT CAN'T BE EXTRAVAGANT, MARY, IF THE SAME PIECE OF BREAD DOES FOR BOTH."

TRYING!

"*NOW*, LADIES, *IF* YOU PLEASE! LOOK STRAIGHT IN MY FACE WHILE I COUNT FIFTEEN, AND *PRAY* DO NOT LAUGH!!"

PRECAUTION.

Constable (to Citizen in degraded condition in the gutter). "NOW THEN, GE' UP! 'MUS'N'T LIE THERE——"

Citizen. "ARE YOU 'PLEESHM'L?"

Constable. "GET UP, SIR! YOU'LL BE RUN OVER!"

Citizen. "EH?"—*(solemnly)*—"'EN SH-H-HTOP TH' TRAFF'C!!"

"THE MISS!"

Gillie. "EH, MON! BUT IT'S FORTUNATE THERE'S BEEF IN ABERDEEN!"

CUTTING.

Chappie (after missing his fourth Stag, explains). "AW—FACT IS, THE—AW—WAVING GRASS WAS IN MY WAY."

Old Stalker. "HOOT, MON, WAD YE HAE ME BRING OUT A SCYTHE?"

AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

"WELL, DEAREST, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN TO-NIGHT? 'MONDAY POPS.' AGAIN?"

"NO, CELIA. I HAVE SPENT A MOST INSTRUCTIVE EVENING WITH THE 'ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.'"

"THE 'ANTHROPOHOWMUCH,' DARLING?"

"THE 'ANTHROPOL*OG*ICAL,' CELIA! ARE YOU DEAF?"

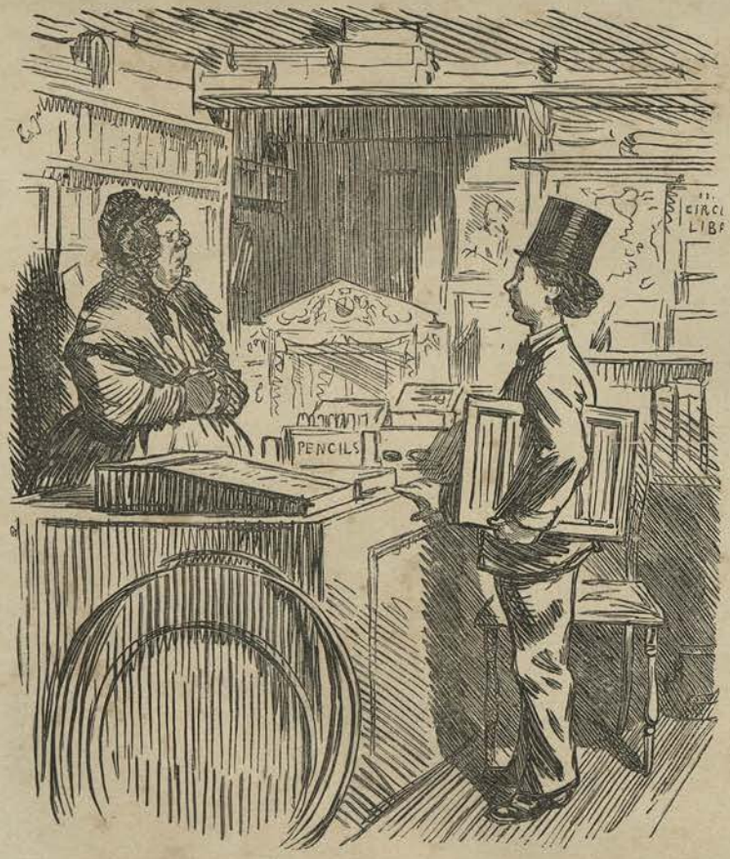
"HOW NICE! AND WHERE DO THEY 'ANTHROPOL*ODGE*,' DUCKUMS?".

INCONTROVERTIBLE.

"AND HOW *OLD* ARE YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?"
"I'M NOT OLD AT ALL. I'M NEARLY *NEW!*"

THE PENNY TOYS.

Street Vendor (to Nervous Old Gentlewoman, who has a horror of Reptiles). "THEY ALL ON 'EM JUMPS, M'UM! ONLY A——" *[So did the Old Lady.*

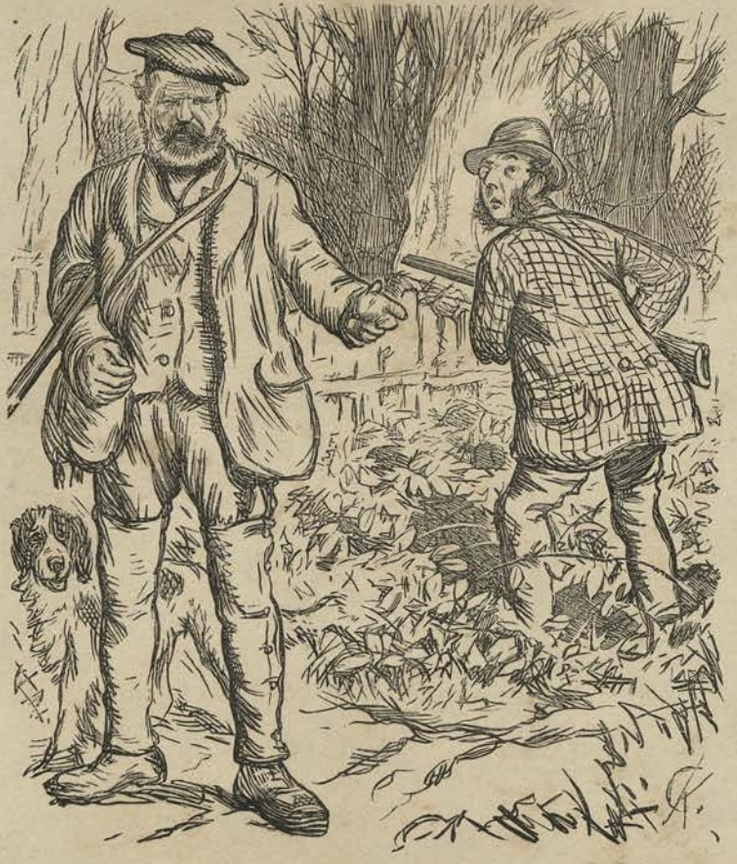


"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

Youthful Artist. "DO YOU SELL ANATOMICAL PLATES, 'M?"
Old Lady. "BLESS THE BOY! NO; WE DON'T KEEP NO CROCKERY HERE!"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Housemaid. "DRAT THE BOTHERING CHINA CUPS AND THINGS. THEY BE ALWAYS A-KNOCKING UP AGAINST ONE'S CRINOLINE."



"HARMLESS."

Cockney Sporting Gent. "BUT I THINK IT'S A 'EN!"

Sandy (his Keeper). "SHOOT, MAN, SHOOT! SHE'LL BE NO MUCKLE THE WAUR O' YE!!"

CIRCUMFERENCE.

Tailor (measuring Customer of "Ortonian" girth). "WOULD YOU HOLD THE END, SIR, WHILE I GO ROUND?"

PROGRESS.

Young Rustic. "GRAN'FA'R, WHO WAS SHYLOCK?"

Senior (after a pause). "LAUK A' MUSSY, BO', YEOU GOO TO SUNDAY SKEWL, AND DON'T KNOW THAT!"

A GOOD EYE FOR BUSINESS.

Seedy Old Flyman. "NICE LOOKING MARE THAT, SIR. DO NICELY FOR *OUR WORK*, SIR!"

SNOB SNUBBING.

Sir Gorgius. "SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, YER LADYSHIP! I CAN ASSURE YOU, WHEN LADY M.'S A DRIVIN' ABOUT LONDON IN ONE OF 'ER HOPEN CARRIAGES, SHE 'ARDLY DARES LOOK UP, FOR FEAR O' SEEIN' SOMEONE SHE KNOWS ON THE TOP OF A HOMNIBUS!"

The Lady Gwendoline Beaumanoir. "YES, VERY SAD! BY THE WAY, I'M AFRAID SHE'LL OFTEN SEE *PAPA* THERE; BUT NEVER *ME*, YOU KNOW! MAMMA AND I *ALWAYS GO INSIDE!*"

A FAIR RETORT.

Mrs. Mountjoy Belassis (after several Collisions). "IT STRIKES ME, MR. RUDDERFORD, YOU'RE MUCH MORE AT HOME IN A BOAT THAN IN A BALL-ROOM!"

Little Bobby Rudderford (the famous Oxbridge Coxswain). "YES, BY JOVE! AND I'D SOONER STEER EIGHT MEN THAN ONE WOMAN *ANY* DAY!"

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," ETC.

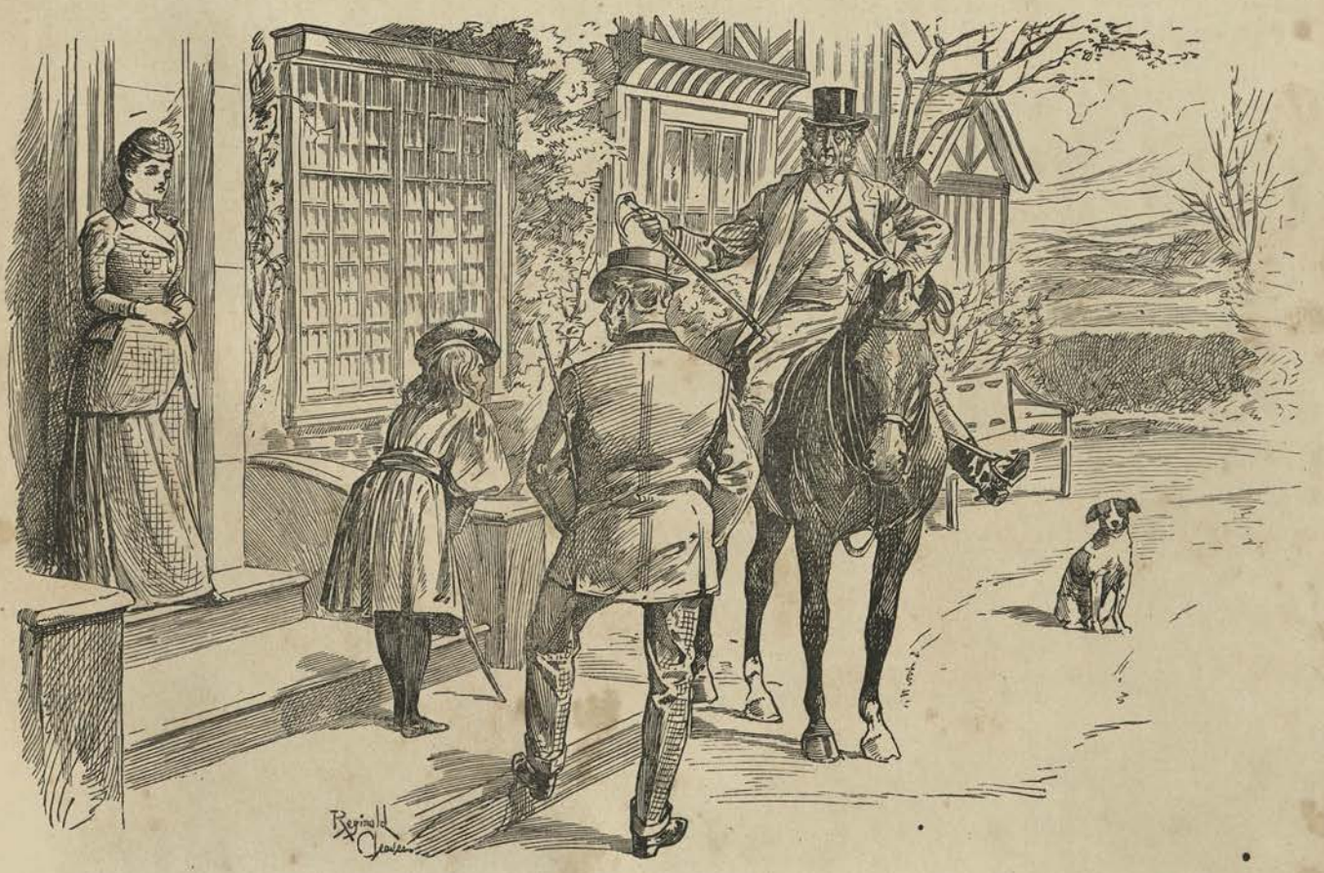
Ethel. "MUMMY DEAR, WHY DID YOU TELL RICHARD YOU 'WEREN'T AT HOME' JUST NOW?" *(Pause.)* "MUMMY, I MEAN——"

Mamma. "WHEN SIR FUSBY DODDERIDGE CALLED? WHY, ETHEL DEAR, BECAUSE HE BORES ME."

Ethel. "OH!" *(After thoughtfully considering the matter with regard to her Governess).* "THEN MAY I SAY I'M NOT AT HOME WHEN MISS KRUX CALLS TO-MORROW? FOR *SHE* BORES *ME* AWFULLY!"

THE TRIALS OF AN ANXIOUS "JUNIOR."

PROMPTING A DEAF AND TESTY "CHIEF" IN OPEN COURT IS NOT HIS IDEA OF PERFECT BLISS.



DEAR CHILD!

Papa (to Friend from Town). "THERE, MY BOY, THAT'S WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO! GET A GEE, AND COME OUT WITH THE HOUNDS!"
Little Daughter. "OH, PAPA, TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FALL OFF, AS YOU DID THE OTHER DAY!"

A SAVING CLAUSE.

The Vicar's Daughter. "GOOD MORNING, MRS. TAYLOR. IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I SAW YOU AT CHURCH! YOU REALLY OUGHT TO ATTEND MORE REGULARLY!"

Mrs. T. (guiltily). "YES, YES, MISS. IT *IS* A LONG TIME SINCE I WAS AT CHURCH! BUT"—*(cheerfully)*—"I *NEVER* GOES TO *CHAPEL!*"

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Aunt Mary. "WELL, TOMMY, SHALL I CARRY YOUR BAT AND STUMPS FOR YOU?"

Tommy. "NO, AUNTY, TANKS! *ME* TARRY BAT AND 'TUMPS. 'OO TARRY *ME!*"

ART TREASURES.

Reginald (who has a fine taste, and is very fond of curious old Glass). "NOW, UNCLE, HELP YOURSELF, AND PASS THE BOTTLE!"

A PARADOX!

Studious Lodger. "IT'S A PITY, MRS. PRIGGINS, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MATHEMATICS, OR YOU'D READILY COMPREHEND HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS THAT THIS STEAK WHICH I SENT FROM TABLE LAST NIGHT A RECTANGULAR PARALLELOGRAM, IS NOW AN IRREGULAR PENTAGON!!"

EVIDENT GENIUS.

Emmy (Mamma's volunteer Secretary). "HOW IS THIS TO BE ANSWERED, KITTY? I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!—*(Reads)*—'MRS. FITZMODE AT HOME ON THE 30TH INST. FROM FOUR TO SIX O'CLOCK.'"

Kitty. "WELL, I SHOULD WRITE AND SAY MAMMA DID NOT KNOW MRS. FITZMODE HAD BEEN AWAY, BUT WONDERS SHE SHOULD RETURN TO STOP ONLY TWO HOURS"!!

A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

"O LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!"

THE SPORTIVE ELEMENTS.

FOR DOWNRIGHT HEALTHY EXCITEMENT, WE RECOMMEND A DAY'S HUNTING IN A GALE OF WIND.

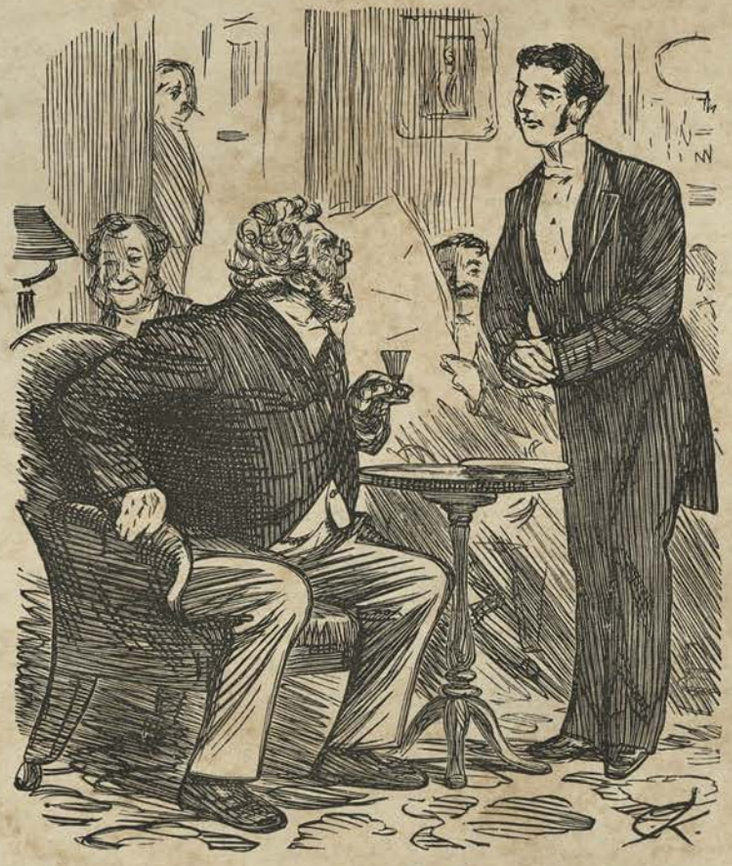
PLEASANT!

Nervous Gentleman. "DON'T YOU THINK, ROBERT, GOING SO FAST DOWN HILL IS VERY LIKELY TO MAKE THE HORSE FALL?"

Robert. "LOR BLESS YER—NO, SIR! I NEVER THROWED A OSS DOWN IN MY LIFE, 'XCEPT ONCE, AND THAT WAS ONE FROSTY MOONLIGHT NIGHT (JUST SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS IT WAS), AS I WAS A-DR'VIN' A GENT (AS MIGHT BE YOU) FROM THE STATION, WHEN I THROWED DOWN THIS WERRY OSS IN THIS WERRY IDENTICAL PLACE."

"PREVENTION'S BETTER THAN CURE."

Jeames (excitedly). "HERE—HERE—HERE'S THE SHILLIN'! QUICK—QUICK—OFF WITH YOU!"
German Impostor (affecting concern). "DERE IS SOME VUN ILL?"
Jeames. "WELL, NOT JUST YET! BUT THERE PRECIOUS SOON WILL BE, IF YOU DON'T KNOCK OFF!"

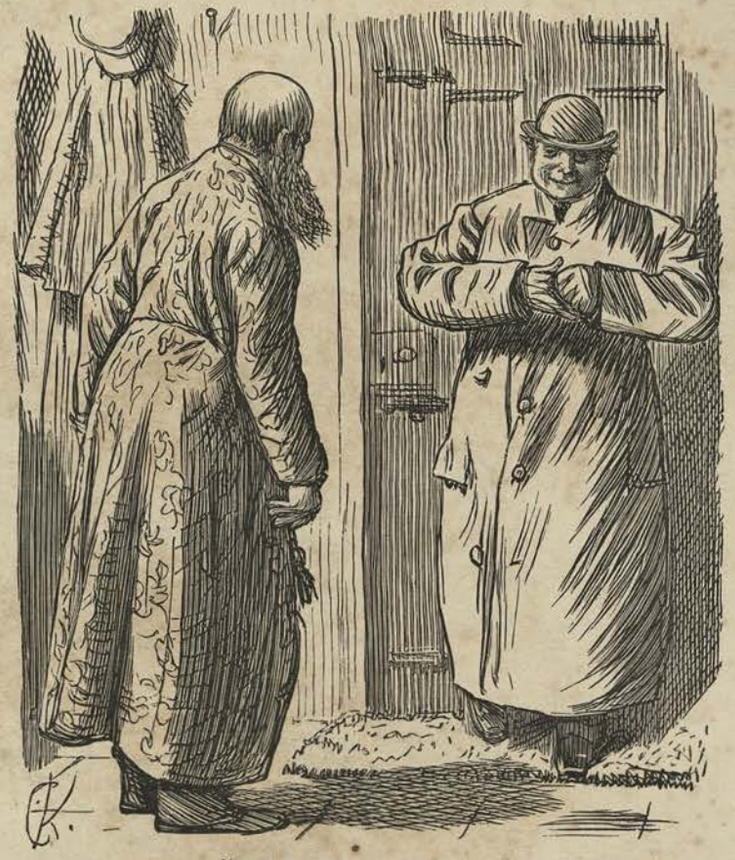


DISGUSTING FAMILIARITY.

Testy Old Gent (at his Club). "CONF— WHY THE DICKINS DON'T YOU WIPE THE BOTTOM OF THE GLASS BEFORE YOU BRING IT UP? JUST GET A CLOTH, AND WIPE—"

Waggish Waiter. "I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND YOU TO ORDER *DRY* SHERRY, SIR?"

[General titter. Old Gent rushes off, and writes to the Committee!



"LAPSUS LINGUÆ."

Pater. "NOW, LOOK HERE, MY BOY, I CAN'T HAVE THESE LATE HOURS! WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MY FATHER WOULDN'T LET ME STAY OUT AFTER DARK."

Filius. "HUMPH! 'NICE SORT O' FATHER YOU MUST HAVE HAD, I SHOULD SAY."

Pater (waxing). "'DEUCED SIGHT BETTER THAN YOU HAVE, YOU YOUNG—"

[Checks himself, and exit!

NEVER SPEAK IN A HURRY.

The Hospitable Jones. "YES, WE'RE IN THE SAME OLD PLACE, WHERE YOU DINED WITH US LAST YEAR. BY THE BYE, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU AND YOUR WIFE WOULD COME AND TAKE POT-LUCK WITH US AGAIN ON THE——"

The Impulsive Brown (in the eagerness of his determination never again to take Pot-luck with the Joneses). "MY *DEAR* FELLOW! *SO* SORRY! BUT WE'RE ENGAGED ON THE—A—ON THE—ER—ON TH-TH-THAT EVENING!"

Poor Jones (pathetically). "WELL, OLD MAN, YOU *MIGHT* HAVE GIVEN ME TIME JUST TO *NAME THE DAY.*"

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